THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

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The Future of the Empire

THOSE who are old fashioned enough to believe that the British Commonwealth of nations is an institution which has much to teach the world as to the realities of politics will be a little alarmed to learn that Mr. Lionel Curtis, having cast his shadow over Ireland and India is now, with the assistance of a grant from American funds, going to turn his attentions to Africa. He is, it is true, only one member of a large (self-constituted) committee presided over by Lord Lothian, which will enjoy the assistance of Sir Arthur Salter, whose eloquent tribute to Kreuger in the first edition of his book "Recovery" is happily fresh in the memory. It will nevertheless not be an injustice to either of these distinguished men if we prophesy that the dominating voice on this Committee will be that of Mr. Curtis. Meanwhile, the time is approaching for deciding the Indian question, to no one solution of which, as we know from Mr. Baldwin's pledge, is the Conservative party yet committed. We can only, in the light of this pledge, assume that the signal honour which His Majesty has conferred on Sir Samuel Hoare is a proof of the Government's conviction that whatever policy the Conservative majority in the House of Commons decide to support will be the best policy. To suggest for a moment, as has been suggested in some quarters, that the very unusual activity taken in this matter implies that the Government have already decided on their policy in advance of the report of the impartial Select Committee is of course absurd, for in that event Mr. Baldwin's repeated plea that the matter

is *sub judice* and that no one is committed to anything would have no meaning.

A Prophecy

AT the same time, let us hazard a forecast. The Government intend to force the White Paper proposals through both Houses of Parliament the moment they receive a colourable measure of endorsement from the Joint Select Committee, and this endorsement they are, for reasons at which we can only guess, quite confident of receiving. Having failed in their Foreign policy and in their Economic policy, the Government cannot possibly allow their Indian policy to be modified in any substantial particular. The Conservative Party will thus be left with the choice of withdrawing from the coalition or accepting the policy. The Party in the country is on the whole opposed to the policy. The Party in the House of Commons is on the whole in favour of the policy. It is, in the circumstances, almost certain that the influence of the Central Office, the prestige of the leader of the party and the general disinclination among the moderates of all parties to break up the Government will carry the day. The effect on India, on the future of Asia, and on the Parliamentary *régime* in this country are quite other matters. It is the cardinal offence of the party leaders that they have manœuvred the party into a position when these grave matters cannot and will not be dispassionately considered. We shall be told, of course, that it is unthinkable that any member of Parliament would vote for a measure of which he did not approve. We reply, with Schopenhauer, that the will dominates the intellect. In that one fact lies all the power of all politicians. They can use it for good or ill.

Government in Transition

LORD EUSTACE PERCY'S book, published under this title, deserves a wide public. His bold and

original attack on the " age of plenty " theory is important, and, we believe, wholly just. He is also the first to call attention to the dislocation of the world's economy by the falling birth-rate. We cannot place quite such an emphasis on this one factor as he does, but thoughtful people will find his analysis of the popular monetary fallacies quite unanswerable. The author is also deserving of the gratitude of Conservatives for his clear vision of the fundamental choice before us—at home the restoration of property or the conscription of labour by this state abroad, the end of the effort to build an international political structure or the enslavement of the whole world to the political ambitions of Communist politics, militant atheism, and perverted science. It is unfortunately not the case that the omission of Lord Eustace Percy from the present Government is without significance.

The Navy of To-day

THE episode of the stranding of the " Nelson " and the subsequent week's delay in bringing the ship out of Portsmouth Harbour is a significant commentary on the state of the Navy to-day. It has long been common knowledge that the " Nelson " was a difficult ship to handle. That she should have been asked to leave Portsmouth on the ebb tide is, in the circumstances, curious, but it is still more curious that, after she was refloated and reported undamaged, the attempt to take our premier battleship out of harbour should have been abandoned as too dangerous for no less than a week. The public may be pardoned for asking what the position would have been if the " Nelson " had been required during this period to engage an enemy bearing down on our southern coast. *Public* anxiety is, perhaps, relieved by the knowledge that no serious damage was done to the " Nelson." How many of the public realize how fortunate this was? The fact is that, had the " Nelson " been damaged, there

was no dock to which she could have gone, as the only dock in the country large enough was already occupied by the giant aircraft carrier "Courageous," which also, by a curious coincidence, went ashore, in this case off Yarmouth. The plain fact is that the implications of these monstrous ships, in which is concentrated, at such a ruinous cost, so much of our naval strength, have not been thought out. Our harbours are unsuitable; we have no adequate docks here or abroad. In the circumstances the stranding of the "Nelson" may prove a blessing if it brings to the forefront of discussion the vital question of our naval efficiency.

A plan for a new League of Nations

SIR CHARLES PETRIE in his notes on Foreign Affairs stresses the need for an early definition of our attitude to the Italian proposals for reorganizing the League. Meanwhile Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, on behalf of the Pan-European Union, has issued a pamphlet advocating the "federalization" of the nations in five main groups—the British Empire, Pan-America, Pan-Europe, the Soviet Union and East Asia. Naturally, we are here taken beyond the boundaries of practical politics. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi is, however, unquestionably right when he points to the Western-European character of the League as permanently fatal to its prestige either in the American Continent, in Asia, or in Soviet Russia. Neither the United States nor Russia will join the League until they can secure for the peoples within their sphere of influence a weight in the League Councils at least equal to that exercised by the nations of Western Europe. Japan, again, will not rejoin the League until her demand for a far-Eastern Monroe doctrine is accepted in principle. For our part we view with little more sympathy this scheme for Five Leagues of Nations, loosely joined in a super League, than we view the League as planned in 1919. The contem-

porary craze for building ambitious political structures is a deadly menace to world peace. No country can surrender its freedom of judgment in international affairs without surrendering its sovereignty, and such a surrender is impossible in the absence of a recognized world sovereign, fortified in the world's regard by the dictates of an universal religion, a common morality, and a common culture.

The Committee Mania

THE report of the committee on the sterilization of the unfit raises two sets of issues. We do not propose to discuss here the merits of the recommendations. We challenge instead the right of the Ministry of Health to ask such a committee to make any recommendations at all. The questions involved are moral, as far as the right to sterilize is concerned, and political, as far as concerns the practical desirability of sterilization. If we are to be advised by committees, it is of vital political and constitutional importance that we should be advised on the right points by the right people. There is no purpose in appointing a committee of experts, except to work out the application of a policy already decided upon, or to advise on the manner in which a policy if adopted would have to be carried out. But before that point is reached, a decision must be taken on policy by the Government and approved by Parliament. The two main points at issue in the matter of sterilization are :—

(1) has any government the right to restrict personal liberty to such an extent in the case of people not certified as lunatics (in which case sterilization is unnecessary), and if so, in what circumstances does the right exist?

(2) If there is ever such a right exercisable, are the practical advantages to be secured by exercising it adequate to justify the risks of error, oppression and injustice manifestly involved?

Where Experts are not required

THE first of these questions is purely moral, and if democracy has any force or validity it is a question for decision by free vote of the House of Commons. The second of these questions, so far from being one for expert decision, turns entirely on the reliability of experts and expert administration, and the only people whose views on such a question are *ex hypothesi* absolutely valueless are the experts themselves. We do not suggest that a Minister before addressing his mind to these difficult problems might not reasonably want expert advice on some of the technical points involved, but such advice is already open to him. The appointment of this committee is manifestly an attempt to create opinion; it is particularly unfortunate in a matter where the rights of the individual as against the doctors are the point at issue, that this attempt to create opinion should be organized by a Ministry quite properly dominated by the medical profession.

The future of the B.B.C.

SIMILAR considerations will be involved when the time comes to consider the future of the B.B.C. Already suggestions are being made but the Committee which will be appointed to consider this before the Charter is renewed will be "representative of the interests concerned" the theatre, music, the Churches, the teaching profession, and so on. These interests have of course no right whatever on such a Committee. Their place is in the witness box. The Committee should represent the public, who will have to sit down for another ten years under the fresh monopoly which will no doubt be given to the B.B.C. The questions involved, here again, are political. Is the B.B.C. to take as its aim the integration of opinion, or the equal representation of all opinions, or the representation of opinion on a roughly statistical basis? Is it to give views or only news of

current events? Is it to educate public taste or to reflect of it? Is it to compete with the entertainment industry? Is it its duty to provide a platform for all politicians, or some politicians only? And if so, for which? We do not want to know the view on these points of the three Party machines—we have learnt them already—or of the Football Association, or of the theatrical managers. They are questions which are strictly and solely political, and whoever claims to govern must take the responsibility for deciding them. We are, however, a free country at least in name, and the public have a right to express an opinion to the Government before a decision is reached. For such a purpose a committee representative of the general public would be proper and salutary. Let us hope it will be appointed.

The future of Secondary Education

ANOTHER misconceived Committee will report shortly, and this is the Committee appointed by the Minister for Education to consider the future of secondary education. This, it need hardly be said, is not a matter on which the public desire to know the views of Educationists. It is on the contrary a matter on which Educationists (which means, in short, people who make a living out of educating other people) ought to be informed of the views of the public. There is a dangerous tendency in the matter of secondary education to slide down the seductive slope of quasi-technical education. It is easier to impart information than to train the mind and character, and in the first stages it may well be that information is more easily marketed than a well trained mind. It is more "useful" to be able to ride a bicycle than to row in the University boat race. That does not mean, however, that the cyclist is better developed physicially or better disciplined than the rowing blue. So with the things of the mind. The proposal to concentrate in higher education on the teaching

of modern languages and contemporary economics is seductive, and the boy who leaves school with a tolerable knowledge of French and German and a familiarity with the jargon of current controversy will appear better equipped for modern life than a boy with a knowledge of Greek and Latin and some grounding in ancient history and philosophy. But the appearance is, of course, quite deceptive. No one, be he scholar or dunce, remembers, in an examination sense, anything of what he learnt at school. The difference between a well-educated man and one less well educated lies not in what they learnt at school, but in what they are able to learn from life. This ability in time will depend on the intellectual habits acquired at school, not on the information gained.

The dangers of propaganda

THERE is a further objection to so-called "modern" education, and that is the danger of propaganda in education. How dangerous this can be we learnt from pre-war Germany. No political opinion worth talking about can be learnt from books. Prejudices formed at school can, however, distort the outlook of a whole generation, and the better the teaching of contemporary history and economics the more certain it is that prejudices of some sort or other will be acquired by the people taught. This means inevitably that some governmental bias will be imparted to the teaching; this bias will in England be of a negative character, and under the ridiculous pretence of impartiality, we shall breed a nation of mugwumps, a class of prejudiced persons whose intellectual bias prevents them acknowledging the absolute truth or error of any proposition from the divinity of Christ to the rights of man. The danger of asking members of the teaching profession for their opinion on the desirability or otherwise of modern education is now perhaps clear. "Modern" education must inevitably make the teachers our masters. Prejudices imparted to children cannot be overtaken and overcome for many years. In many cases they will last a lifetime. The

proposal to adopt any thoroughgoing modernist system of education thus involves wide political issues on which dons and schoolmasters are no better qualified to express an opinion than anyone else, and it is improper to a degree that they should be allowed to become judges in their own Court.

France " the Régime "

THE political crisis in France discloses an interesting analogy with our own country to-day. The French Government's defence consisted in the plea that it was defending " the Régime," and that to safeguard " the Régime " it must be supported. That is precisely the lines along which the campaign for the National Government is being developed. The weakness of such a defence lies in the widespread doubt of the necessity, or even the desirability, of preserving the Régime. The overwhelming majority of the English are opposed to Communism or to any kind of near-Communism such as is advocated by Sir Stafford Cripps. But there is certainly no majority of people contented with the present system. It is this fact which lends significance to Lord Rothermere's conversion to Fascism. If the present coalition has really nothing better to offer the public than the consolidation of the *status quo*, then a successful revolutionary attack on the *status quo* is sooner or later inevitable, and cannot be indefinitely delayed. The stage seems set for a new " coupon " election, and it would be foolish to deny that if such an election is fought, the Government have a good chance of success. The consolidation of opposition to the present régime will be slow. It will, however, be quite steady and inexorable. The mere fact that the majority of politicians are banded together to support the régime means that it is condemned, for under parliamentary government the history of any country is the history of the opposition. An absolute system can change its policy and preserve its authority, but a parliamentary coalition is the slave of its own pronouncements, and its principles require it to recognize, and, by

recognizing, to consolidate its own opposition. We are thus faced with the paradox that if, as seems probable, the Government broadens its basis before the election and strengthens its personnel, it will only hasten its own end, and with it the end of the parliamentary system. The possibility of saving the system lies in the formation of a party of the Right pledged not to destroy Parliament, but to reform it, to restore property and to defend liberty. Failing such an issue, the only possible successors to the present Government are Sir Oswald Mosley or Sir Stafford Cripps.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A masterpiece for to-day

Like an etching by Dürer . . . or a painting by Rembrandt . . . one instinctively associates the word masterpiece with a Bechstein. Each in its own way is the work of master craftsmen. And now comes an epoch-making event—the smallest Baby Grand by the most famous house in the music world. This, the newest Bechstein production, is a masterpiece in miniature. Only 4 feet 6 inches in length, it fits into the smallest flat . . . in price, too, it conforms to modern conditions. Isn't it worth enquiring about?

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The Crown and the Breakdown of Parliament

By Hilaire Belloc

IT is a matter of mere observation that parliaments have gone through various degrees of collapse lately all over the world. Meanwhile there seems to have been no attempt, in this country at least, to explain why this should be so. Yet the question is worth answering because parliament is in England the central national institution. It is still that, even in its present stage of decay; and it is of practical importance to ask oneself the nature of a disease which has attacked one's central political institution, just as it is of importance to discover the nature of a disease that has attacked one's heart.

As a preliminary to such an enquiry, we first note that the degrees in the collapse of parliaments, and even the character of the collapse, differ with different communities. In England, the parliament still functions, outwardly, on its old lines, and is still universally accepted as the chief traditional institution of the country. In France, the parliament still works, though in a lame and halting fashion, thoroughly despised and by no one regarded as national. Among the Germans, and in Italy, parliaments in the sense in which we are using that term here have been knocked on the head, and are certainly not regretted.

Among the Poles a parliament still exists, but it is overshadowed by personal power. In the lesser States it works, again with very different degrees of success; but nowhere is it respected.

In comparing the various communities to which these experiences attach, we notice one very important point to begin with. The only country in which a parliament still functions with some regularity and at any rate the externals of regard and power is Britain; and Britain is precisely the one and only country in Europe which is still nourished in some degree by the aristocratic spirit.

The second point we notice is equally important. Where parliaments have been knocked on the head, they have been knocked on the head in the name of the community as a whole. What has replaced them has been an appeal to the mass: the populace in its corporate capacity. In other words, where parliaments have been got rid of they have been got rid of because they did not correspond tc the will of the whole people desiring to express itself in corporate fashion under a sense of equality; while, where they have been preserved with some respect—and this country is the only one in which they have so been preserved, that is, not tolerated and despised but maintained and still regarded—this sense of equality is at the weakest.

The more one looks into the phenomenon, and the more closely one examines it, the more it is borne in upon one that the complaint against parliaments is that they are not representative; and since this truth sounds paradoxical it must be explained and expanded.

The Greeks have taught us in politics as in everything else, and they divided States into three categories, which are the commonplaces of political discussion, as when one talks of a monarchical form of government, a democratic form, etc.

But there is another analysis of the State which, for the purpose of understanding the modern breakdown of parliaments, is more useful; it is a division of human societies into the Egalitarian and the Aristocratic. I mean by "the Aristocratic State," not a State in which there is a superior class, for that would be true of every State of any size and ancient tradition; nor do I mean a State in which "the best" govern: I mean a State in which a governing class is accepted by the community as a natural organ of control. Aristocracy in this sense is from below, and the essence of it is not the acquiescence in, but the positive appetite for, the rule of a Gentry by the rest of the community. The "Egalitarian State," on the other hand, is a State in which the average citizen is

occupied with his citizenship, thinks of other citizens as his equals in this respect, and dislikes the idea of a limited class, or, at any rate, of a comparatively small class, managing public affairs.

When the Egalitarian State is very small, it can exist as a democracy; that is, so long as it is not too large for the citizens to come together in a public meeting and decide there upon any change in the customs. But in States of any great size, the Egalitarian feeling must always express itself in the form of active monarchy. The power of the monarchy will always be limited by custom; no monarchy, however strong, could arbitrarily change the bulk of custom; and in any monarchy, however absolute, custom has organs for its expression. But the distinction lies between the Egalitarian State—which, if it is large, demands headship under one man who shall incarnate the community and be, as it were, the representative citizen of all—and the Aristocratic State, in which a class, regarded by the rest of the community as their superior, undertakes the function of government.

Of course, as in all other generalizations upon the nature of society, we find in practice only mixed examples. No State is an ideal monarchy, and no State is an ideal Aristocratic State. But States fall, if they are of any size, into one of the two groups; and of the two, the Aristocratic State is far the rarest. England was until lately the best modern example; Venice was the best mediæval example; and probably Carthage was the best example in antiquity.

There are many characteristics of the Aristocratic State by which you may know it, as, for instance, that public servants are revered instead of being suspected. But the prime underlying condition which makes it possible to have an Aristocratic State at all, is the acceptation of oligarchy. To the citizen of the Egalitarian State oligarchy is odious and even intolerable. To a citizen of the Aristocratic State it seems normal and is welcomed and supported. Thus one of the most

illuminating phrases in English political history is that of the first Lord Clarendon, the historian of the Great Rebellion. where he says that in matters of great moment the English like to leave the decision "to a few." That instinct is the very soul of aristocracy, which has also been described as the most stable but the basest of human governments.

When we have appreciated this, we understand why parliaments fail in most communities and succeed in some few others. The reason is that parliaments are oligarchies. They are comparatively small bodies of men, self-renewing and somewhat separate from the mass of the community. Where people like oligarchy, they will like these continuous bodies called parliaments, in which the same personalities reappear and their sons after them; in which privilege is enjoyed, and which express their own high opinion of themselves and the regard in which they are held by outsiders, through an elaborate ritual and pomp which, to the Egalitarian citizen, appears grotesque, save where it is attached to the monarch.

Parliaments are essentially oligarchies, and as aristocracy is by definition government by an accepted oligarchy, the aristocratic idea fits in with parliaments, while the Egalitarian idea is at issue with them.

A parliament, of course, like a monarch, or indeed, government of any kind which has any desire to live, must have some representative character about it. That tincture is given to parliaments in a dead mechanical fashion by submitting membership to popular election. The members of the various parliaments which have sprung up since the French Revolution have all gone through the form of being elected by a more or less extended popular vote. But the word "elected" is ambiguous. The parliament is not chosen as one chooses a hat, by selection, and after considering alternatives; its members are elected only in the sense that votes are cast to decide according to some arbitrary rule (a majority of all adult males, or of

all adult males and females or of such few as possess so much property, or of such as may have come to the polls, etc.) whether one parliamentarian or another shall be returned to parliament. There is and can be no spontaneous action by the populace as a whole, nor even by the populace of one locality; for corporate action of that sort is not normal to man. Save perhaps in moments of extreme excitement, and these very rare, the initiative of deciding which of two individuals, or of half a dozen at the most, shall be presented to the voters, must lie with a caucus, that is, a parliamentary organisation of some sort; and the tendency will always be for the various candidates to be as much of one type as possible: The Parliamentary type.

In the same way the questions submitted for decision can never be, save in the rarest moments of excitement, questions arising spontaneously from the desires of the people. Thus for many years in England, when the one great question on which the English people were anxious was the question of wages, they were bidden vote for or against a thing called Home Rule. In France, where the desires of the people are concerned with maintaining property and currency, resisting invasion, and increasing their material well-being, they had for many years to vote on whether they did or did not like monks and priests. As an instrument for representing the popular will, it would be difficult to conceive an instrument less suited than a body of some hundreds of men, each of whom is concerned with maintaining himself in parliament by getting on with the caucus, and presenting the nation as a mosaic of what are ironically called "constituencies."

But if what you are after is a senate, a revered oligarchy, then this way of collecting it will work as well as any other. But it would also work if collected by heredity, or in a number of other natural ways, and be equally successful. What you cannot possibly get by such a method, never have got, and never will get, is a

mirror of the average citizen and the expression of his will.

Now throughout the world it is the instinctive appreciation of these truths which has brought parliaments into contempt wherever they seriously attempt to pose as The People. They are not The People, and never can be The People. They are, and must always be, little oligarchies of professional politicians. But when you have an aristocratic state the parliamentarians will be of the sort, as a rule, which their fellow citizens like to see set above them. They will form an oligarchy, of course; but an oligarchy the power of which is welcomed by its subjects.

The practical concern we have in this country with plain truths of this sort and their contrast with the false phrases about "democracy," "representation," and the rest of it, in connection with parliaments, is that, as the aristocratic spirit declines, parliament will cease to work here as it has ceased to work everywhere else.

That the old aristocratic spirit, which was still so vigorous only fifty years ago, is now declining in England, there is no doubt. Whether we rejoice or mourn at the phenomenon, it must be accepted as certain that the decline is there, and that it is becoming more and more apparent every day.

The causes of this are so many and so intertwined, and so often include an effect as well as a cause, that they can only be imperfectly judged. But I would suggest, among others: (1) The agglomeration of the English people in great towns, where no aristocratic class is distinguishable (where, as the phrase goes, "They don't know a gentleman when they see him"); (2) The instability of modern wealth; (3) The habit of continual and rapid travel; (4) The huge blunder made in assimilating the taxation of land to the taxation of stocks and shares; (5) The breakdown of agricultural life, where men could test by personal contact the members of the upper class among them. To these five I would add what seems to be the

strongest cause of all; (6) The decline in aristocratic morals among the gentry themselves.

The gentry took to selling themselves three or four decades ago, and no governing class can survive a long-continued process of that kind. They began to accept anyone as their close companion if he were wealthy, no matter how rapidly or basely the wealth had been obtained. They took orders from such men, they entered their service, they allowed them to purchase public honours and policies. They correspondingly lost touch with culture, the preservation of which lies with the middle sort of income, wherein are bred the writers, artists and chief thinkers of a community.

As this selling of themselves proceeded the gentry began to lose their characteristic manner. There is a gentlemanly and an ungentlemanly way of swindling, betraying your country, talking English, drinking, and the rest of it; and, though a gentry is ultimately the product of money, yet when the members of a gentry begin to take orders from mere money they lose their essential character. They lose the easy instinct for command, and that sort of aloofness which is at once the moral vice and the political strength of a governing class.

But if this process of rapid decline in the aristocratic spirit of England continues—and there is no sign of a halt in it—Parliament, already failing, will become impossible.

It is customary at the moment to contrast parliaments with despotisms. Men who do not think at all, even use the word "democratic" of parliaments, contrasting tyranny or despotism with a freedom which they suppose—in their astonishing ignorance of foreigners and of the the past—to be inseparable from parliaments.

We are not, of course, in the face of any such alternative. Of the indefinite number of institutions compatible with normal freedom in the State, perhaps that which best suits the nature and traditions of European people

is an active hereditary monarchy, sustained by, and in some degree limited by, the other great organs of the body politic: the Lawyers' Guild, defining and maintaining custom; local institutions; Universities. There may even co-exist with kingship the remnant of parliament itself. A parliament which was not called upon to govern, but only to veto or to advise, one in which people could take interest, because it would speak for professions, crafts, religions—anything real, as distinguished from the absurdity of "N.W. Muddleborough" or "The Rutland Boroughs"—would be a valuable adjunct and check and counter-balance to the other motive forces of the State. But the chief initiative should still lie with the King.

There you would have a sanction which the ordinary man still feels, and there you would have an institution in no discontinuity with the past. It is but a question of changing proportions, of increasing what is called "the power of the Crown."

We have here in England, if we use it in time, this existing organ, an hereditary Crown, which is lacking, in effect, to all other parliamentary systems. A group of wise men acting in collaboration with the man chiefly interested might recover the vitality of that institution to the great advantage of the commonwealth.

One thing is certain. If we go on as we are going now, Parliament can only sink from bad to worse. It is still more respected here than anywhere else; it still has a far firmer basis, and an indefinitely greater surety of continuation than elsewhere. But the contrast between what the English Parliament is to-day and what it was even so short a while as twenty years ago is remarkable. The contrast between what it is to-day and what it was forty odd years ago is startling.

No one, perhaps, is much concerned with saving as it now is the corrupt affair at Westminster; but everyone is concerned with assuring the general balance of the commonwealth, and to effect this everything points to one policy: an increase in the power of the Crown.

Scottish Local Government

By William Walker

A THREE to four years' spell in a new method of local administration is not long, but it has been sufficient for Scotland to form some definite conclusions regarding the working of the Local Government Act of 1929. Leaving out of account the alterations in public assistance—administration and control—occasioned by the Unemployment Bill, 1934, these in the great majority of cases point one way, the way of more reform; and before Scotland is many years older. But as this is not an attempt at foretelling the future, I will merely endeavour to show how events have shaped themselves North of the Tweed since the changes came into operation.

From the outset no enthusiasm was manifested for the new administration, and the only flutter in Scottish local government dovecots was the abolition of parish councils. It did not last long, however, because although the so-called local atmosphere had vanished, it must in fairness be confessed that the public assistance offices which came into being on their demise have functioned just as well from the administrative angle. From this it must not be inferred that there was any need, or even local desire, for the innovation.

But it was the delegation of the different services to committees which has been the chief stumbling block to the successful running of the Local Government Act of 1929. These committees do the spade work, prompted by the officials, and the full county councils, meeting only once a month, usually do little more than record their approval of the minutes, subject to a few minor amendments. In fairness, it must be said that to do otherwise would throw the whole over-loaded machinery out of gear. But the result has been extravagance and the approval of schemes with which members of the county councils have had only a cursory acquaintance. This state of affairs in the working of the machine is

not so noticeable in the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen, which retained their powers under the new enactments with educational control added, as representation is more direct and on well-defined political lines with rivalry keen. Even this, however, requires qualification, for Glasgow, being since November, 1933, under the influence of Socialist rule, a condition of things is arising which is causing much perturbation. Extravagance was far from unknown when the Moderate forces held sway. But now economy is never thought about. We used to indulge in cheap criticism of Chicago (U.S.A.) extravagance. Alas! Glasgow is now filling the bill in this respect. But in the counties, with widely-spread districts and varying local conditions, a person gets on the county council either without any contest at all, or by exploiting some district grievance. The political label does not figure prominently in the struggle for votes, and the election address binds one to nothing. Indeed, it has been astonishing if the average poll has exceeded 25 per cent. of the ratepayers. Moreover, town councils—i.e. burghs with populations of under twenty thousand—have voting rights on the county councils without their chosen representatives being called in question, either by their own councils or the constituents, as to what they do. They may support or oppose any scheme, good or otherwise, and there is not even criticism from any source directly concerned.

For this licence of mongrel representation the ratepayers of these burghs have financial requisitions made upon their councils yearly for public assistance, outside their own towns, and similarly for roads, education, health and other services. How long this will continue it is impossible to hazard a guess, but already protests from indignant burghs are the order of the day. Of course, after the damage has been done. Yet it is worth putting on record that Fort William has openly declared that unless a change were made in the Local Government Act it would default in paying the burgh requisition to

the county, in this instance Inverness-shire. In addition to the increase in the requisition, falling upon the small burgh rates, another way of further penalizing them is to increase the valuations of the property within their jurisdiction. Done, be it noted, through the assessor, an official under the control of the county councils. St. Andrews has suffered severely from this subterranean method of getting more money for the county, and it does not stand alone by any means.

One is entitled to inquire why the county councils need so much money, and the best way of showing the position is to make a brief examination of some of the services they work. The public assistance is illuminating. Before the proposals of the Unemployment Bill of 1934 were ever thought about, it was proclaimed from the housetops that when public assistance was administered through a larger unit, instead of locally, it would lead to economy. Far from it, for it simply threw more burdens on certain districts and towns and, generally speaking, without alleviating the rates levied on the localities drawing most from the public assistance coffers. Of course, it can be argued that if the old system had operated, the poor law rates would have been ever so much higher than they actually were in certain places; but this did not follow, and, even if it had, was small comfort to towns and districts which were paying the piper and without being able to get a single tune of their own choosing out of him. For what happened in some Scottish counties was that the representatives from the districts where public assistance was most formidable voted solid for as much money, goods and clothing as they could get at the local area committee meetings, and although the public assistance committees could over-rule the smaller body, it was unusual for this to be done except on specialized occasions. But here again one saw the cloven hoof, as advocates of full-blooded public assistance were always well represented on the larger unit. When in the majority they compelled

the dissenting minority to toe the line, and irrespective of whether or not the finance committee of the county councils' budget figures had been exceeded. True, it can be said that such a state of affairs could have been rectified at the full meeting of the county councils. But this rarely happened, as the minutes of the public assistance committees were not sufficiently documented to allow the county councils' members to grasp the significance of the situation from the standpoint of what bill the ratepayers would have to meet at the end of a financial year.

Along comes the Unemployment Bill of 1934, with Part II, throwing a considerable portion of the present experimental system of public assistance into the melting pot once more. Of course, experience may prove that the result will be nothing more appetising than "cauld kail het again," as the older hands in Scotland would say. But without doubt the time is inopportune for another change, and notwithstanding the small success and insufficient trial which has attended the working, and giving, of public assistance under the wing of the Local Government Act of 1929. For what is assured by the latest legislation? Officials and yet more officials, for a certainty! Even Scottish local government itself may not escape this plague, and notwithstanding that a large portion of one of its services is being reduced, not added to. For although the public assistance of able-bodied persons, between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, who are unemployed and in need will be transferred to the Unemployment Assistance Board and its advisory committees, it does not follow that the existing public assistance offices of the local authorities will by any means escape the shouldering of some of the administrative duties connected therewith, seeing that the field of those brought within the scope of unemployment assistance—for example, agricultural workers—will be considerably increased. The calculation is in millions of persons! The local authority public

assistance offices will, however, continue to be responsible for those who are sick, infirm and old (whatever this means exactly), but when and how the dividing line for those going over to the Unemployment Assistance Fund and those remaining or coming under local government public assistance auspices will be drawn, it is impossible at the moment to say. Consequently, it is difficult to visualize the proper functioning of unemployment assistance without the continued co-operation of the local authority offices. In any case there will be two bodies of officials—one national and one local—taking a hand in the working of the service of public assistance. Admittedly redundant, but duplication is the order of the day. The outcome of the change is that Part II of the Unemployment Bill of 1934 provides for a large portion of the financial burden of public assistance being borne direct by the Unemployment Assistance Fund, that is, on a national basis. But even in this instance nothing definite has, so far, been established, either in the Bill itself or during the Parliamentary debates up to and including the Second Reading and financial provisions discussion, as to what the alleviation might amount to in pounds, shillings and pence to local authorities. Mr. Neville Chamberlain held that, in effect, the Exchequer will be responsible for as much as 95 per cent. of the cost of the relief of the able-bodied unemployed, and the local authorities for no more than 5 per cent. Alas! this does not take us a great way, as Scottish local authorities feel particularly aggrieved at the formidableness of the amounts they will still have to find and without having any control in the distribution. Indeed, we have Glasgow claiming that it will have to pay as much as £418,000 annually, after allowing for the proportion of the extra grant conceded to distressed areas, for the relief of its able-bodied unemployed (based on the scale in operation in November, 1933), while London will contribute no more than £323,000 and Birmingham a mere £40,000! This line

of reasoning might be considerably extended for other districts north of the Tweed, owing to the heavy incidence of unemployment, with the comparison financially unfavourable to Scotland, even allowing for participation in the extra grant of £300,000 conceded generally to distressed areas. So that, putting the best complexion possible on the present legislation as it relates to the public assistance liability remaining and that continuing under the existing public assistance rules and regulations, one cannot be too sanguine that there will be material saving by the Scottish local authorities when they draw up their public assistance accounts for the year.

A different situation presents itself in a study of the administration of roads, although, at the present juncture, finance does not loom too large on the horizon owing to the local authorities—city corporations and county councils alike—having had their wings clipped through the national veto on expenditure of this nature arising out of the financial crisis which led to the establishment of the National Government. Yet the situation is not satisfactory, particularly as it relates to the category of roads coming under the domain of the county councils from burghs with a population of under twenty thousand, for the councils of the latter have now no direct control of first-class (or classified) roads, and notwithstanding that many of them are actually the main streets of the towns. Without exaggeration, it is a Gilbertian position, and it has not been without its humorous side, for, as has actually occurred, neither a county nor a town council would accept responsibility for the pavements of a main street which became a classified road under the Local Government Act. It required a Court of Session case to decide the issue, and clarity is still far from evident. But there are more serious issues involved, for the town councils, though losing their rights to direct administration, seem to be still responsible for lighting, sanitation and such-like services on the main streets which are classified roads. What the object was

in making such a provision it is impossible to say, but, so far as has gone, it would have been much better if the upkeep and provision of first-class roads had been retained by the burghs with populations under twenty thousand. There is no evidence of amelioration under the new laws, but plenty of friction between county and town councils in consequence of the changed circumstances.

The educational services likewise provide plenty of grounds for comment adverse to the Local Government Act of 1929, for although the educational committees get the money they so lavishly spend from the finance committees of the county councils and city corporations, as the case may be, they pay small heed to any promptings for economy which emanate from the latter bodies. Indeed, they are almost a law unto themselves, and when called in question on any matter—which is not nearly frequently enough—they adopt an attitude almost amounting to pique. Nevertheless, it has been confessed by educationists that the committees were far in advance of the people, and that they very often carried on their work in opposition to the general opinion of the community. This makes one wonder if it is the composition of the personnel of the educational committees—frequently clergymen and intellectuals (local)—which is responsible for the refusal to face the facts—financial, economic and even educational? Or whether their altruism is so high and pure that sordid money matters are beneath their dignity and unworthy of consideration? There may be a connecting link here, for it has been declared by one of their own number that he had yet to hear business men and financiers talk of education as a thing with a living soul. Yet the writing on the wall is unmistakably plain. For example, educational committees spend thousands upon thousands of pounds of the ratepayers' money yearly in providing bursaries for pupils in order that they can go to the universities. "Nothing wrong in this," most people will hold, without

thinking of the aftermath. But what happens? When many of the pupils have qualified as M.A.s, B.Sc.s, and so on, at the ratepayers' expense, they find the professions so overcrowded that unemployment is their unfortunate lot. No statistics are available, but it is estimated that there are many thousands such, and, at the present time, Scotland has too many lawyers, teachers, doctors, clergymen and chartered accountants. Would it not have been truer economy, and even fairer to the pupils, if accessibility to bursaries had been made much more difficult by the educational committees? From the practical point of view, the money devoted by the educational committees has not served the purpose for which it was intended, and, furthermore, false hopes have been created in the minds of the young only to see them dashed to the ground. Of course, it must be recognized that in many poor Scottish families there is the ambition for a son or daughter to go to the university, and, in the past, many sacrifices by parents have been successfully made to bring this about. Those were the lads and lassies o' pairts the world has heard so much about. But this sort of thing is conspicuous by its absence nowadays owing to the prodigality in the awarding of bursaries, and, moreover, these, in too many instances, go, not to the boys and girls of poor families. but rather to the sons and daughters of small business men, ministers, farmers and local government officials.

Bursaries, however, do not make such a heavy call upon the local governments' exchequers as the building of new schools. Admitting that some of these are essential in the interests of educational progress, what nobody but the educational committees can understand is why there should be so much downright waste of money in their construction and internal decoration. Some of them can put first-class hotels to shame in their splendour of design and display, and famous public schools cannot bear comparison with them for one moment in regard to internal comfort and luxury. Even the teaching profession

gasp at the luxurious environment into which pupils are brought, and in the main from working-class and artisan homes. Just pause for a few seconds and read what a new secondary school in Scotland now gives us. Library, music rooms, dining halls, sewing room, girls' rest rooms, handsomely-equipped gymnasium with dressing rooms and spray baths at either end, cloak rooms, sports pavilion and fields, besides staff rooms and offices, commercial rooms and laboratories, lecture rooms and the like. Apart from the heavy expenses falling on the ratepayers, it further produces a mentality of dissatisfaction in the minds of the pupils at the imagined inferiority of their own homes when they see, and spend a large portion of their time in, such lavish establishments during a very impressionable period of their lives.

A formidable indictment? But if this recital be thought colourless, the future looks like being more spectacular. For, under the provisions of Part I of the Unemployment Bill of 1934, additional powers will be allotted to Scottish Educational Committees. They will have to provide junior instruction centres for persons between 14 and 18 years of age who are capable of and available for work but have none, or are merely part-time employed or only labour intermittently. An admittedly dangerous principle to saddle educational committees with. This apart, however, it will assuredly necessitate the furnishing of accommodation, as well as the employment of numerous people to impart instruction and training for the juvenile unemployed, whose attendance at the centres will be compulsory. So, if what has already been done by educational committees is any criterion, Scotland, in the near future, will be dotted over with more monumental edifices for training, instruction and occupation. Moreover, the men and women who labour in the interests of these unemployed will probably receive higher emoluments than those now prevailing for the recognized teaching profession. What may be imparted in the way of practicable knowledge

will be a secondary consideration to the educational committees; whether employers will derive any material benefit from the different courses, if they should have work available for the unemployed attending them, will likewise be of minor moment compared with the prestige which Scottish educational committees will attach to their new activities. Nor is this all! Travelling expenses will be given to those attending the courses. Without any semblance of doubt, it will be a costly business, even although the financial burden falling on the Scottish educational committees is restricted by grants from the National Unemployment Fund. But at least 25 per cent. of the expenditure will fall upon the educational committees. One can, therefore, go a step further and adopt an unequivocal attitude. If a little financial gain to Scottish local authorities should be shown on the public assistance swings, it will be more than lost on the junior instruction centres roundabouts. For it will be the old, old story. The members of the Scottish educational committees will soon be saying again, "What do a few thousands more matter! We get the Government grants!" No, I'm not being a Job's comforter; I'm merely facing realities, or what will soon become realities in Scotland.

But without elaborating further on the activities of the other committees under the new method of administration, it is necessary, in order to secure a proper perspective of the working of the Local Government Act of 1929, to devote some attention to the new officialdom which the legislation has naturally created. Modesty has not been one of its precepts, and although it was inevitable that Scotland would be faced with another bureaucracy, over and above the one serving national purposes, it was hardly anticipated that its growth would assume mushroom proportions. Yet, from the obscurity of a few years ago, Scottish local government officials now figure prominently in the public eye, even more so than the representatives they serve. Their

ranks go on expanding from month to month and from year to year, for the heads of departments need assistance and the assistants still more assistance! Like Tennyson's brook, the increases in staff "go on for ever," the plea being—and it is one which is rarely turned down—that local government duties keep developing. Without question they do, but in many cases it is absolutely superfluous work. To take a case in point. There is a director of education for every county council and corporation. What does he direct? The question has been asked on innumerable occasions, but not once has an answer been forthcoming. Headmasters do not know; they even despise the appointment, but they admit that their director circulates papers emanating from the Board of Education and visits their schools in an expensive motor car. For this a salary of, at least, £1,000 per annum is given, plus a further yearly allowance, amounting to several hundreds of pounds, for the upkeep of the motor car.

Of course, every labourer is worthy of his hire, and it is judged on this standard that reference is made to the salaries attached to the offices of Scottish local authorities. County clerks have anything up to £2,500 a year (less the temporary economy cuts), and substantial insurance commissions of nearly another £1,000 as extras sometimes fall to them. Others have received large sums for loss of business, which was a legal fiction more than a reality. In this respect the county clerk of Ayr's figure was £2,500. Yet county clerks are not responsible for the whole of Scotland. Merely a unit of it, for there are over thirty counties north of the Tweed. Mark the difference. The permanent Under Secretary of State for Scotland gets £2,200 (less the temporary cut)! If a county is of more consequence than a whole country the distinction cannot be considered other than just. But who, in equity, thinks it is? Besides, the chiefs of the services have motor cars, for which they draw yearly allowances of several hundreds of pounds.

Nor is the illustration I have just given isolated. Apart from the heads of departments, there are numerous assistants, doing purely routine duties, drawing £500, £400 and £300 per annum, and the mediocre nature of their work is such that the qualifications could be fulfilled by incalculable multitudes if the opportunity were offered. Alas! it seldom is, and it is here that local authority services display a glaring shortcoming, for the vacancies are allotted by a process of selection which is liable to much abuse and manipulation. A far more satisfactory way would be for the offices to be occupied by competitive examination. In other words, a service recruited in a similar fashion to that pertaining to national government work, with prescribed scales of emoluments, is more than a reform which the future might institute, it is an urgent need. Moreover, local government duties being of less importance than national, the scales of pay would, of necessity, need to be lower. At the moment Scotland has the exact opposite, and the outcome has been a spreading of discontent among members of the Civil Service north of the Tweed at them being treated as inferior, financially, to local authority officials. Yet even such handsome remuneration in Scottish local government has not prevented bribery and corruption, for the courts have already tried and convicted two employees in Glasgow municipal offices. And this, it may be remarked, was after the report of the inquiry held in that city bearing on graft had been issued.

From this necessarily brief survey, it will not come as a surprise to learn that the total rates in Scotland go on increasing with unfailing regularity. For example, the amount paid in 1912–13 was £7,400,000; by 1927–28 it was £21,400,000. But owing to the incidence of derating, and the financial support given by the Exchequer in connection therewith, the figures appearing after that year will be open to a different interpretation. Yet, although none is common knowledge, they will not alter

the painful experience that individually ratepayers are paying more annually in one way or another. As regards Scottish local government debt, the situation is appalling, for by 1930 it had reached the formidable total of £142,800,000, compared with £66,800,000 in 1914 and £100,000,000 in 1925. It requires a sum in excess of £11,000,000 to meet the payment of interest and sinking fund charges alone every year. The city of Dundee itself has a debt of nearly £7,000,000, which works out at £37 per head of the population.

Such is Scottish local government in this year of grace.

England Herself

By Joseph Braddock.

ENGLAND herself must lie in these rich fields,
These lakes, these valleys, these white-bearded falls,
These mountain-passes glanced on by the kite.
The bracken rusts where the sun's searchlights fall :
Cock pheasant tree-tints soften in the mere :
Red squirrels peer; the beechnuts rattle down.

The cold flung patterns of the grey stone walls
Leaping like live things over tumbled screes;
The robin-berried rowan shadowing
The blue-black gurgling ghyll; the static tarn;
The swing of seagull, gleam of distant seas,—
All these essential England, back and back
Since Druid feet first haunted the grey grass;
Since shepherd steps first touched the living rock
And rain drove into Herdwick fleece; since eye
Met answering eye, and eager lip met lip;
Since Lucy lived and Lucy ceased to be.

Are not these gardens of autumnal flowers,
Their full, grave harmony; that child's face caught,
That sweet cheek's roses, link with Lucy lost,
More than the giant hum of the machines,
More than the little fret of murky towns?

Clouds, stones and trees! An iron patience born
Of what endures, a quiet heart, the sound
Of tumbling water—England has them still,
As at Dove Cottage once so nobly breathed
Large-heartedness, simplicity and peace.

British Art and National Vision

By Horace Shipp

IN matters of art we English suffer from an inferiority complex. Our art history, save for the few years in the middle of the eighteenth century when the performance of the great portrait painters forebade, indicates that we have too often preferred the work of foreign artists to that of our own people. If the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House does nothing else it should at least remove this bias. One would wish England to be proud of this spiritual-mental contribution to the vision of mankind. In literature we dare to stake our claim. In the art of painting, although our contribution is as noble as that of any European country save Italy, we remain apologetic and unsure of ourselves.

The iconoclasm of the Reformation and later of the Puritan revolution destroyed so much that we are only beginning to realize the irreparable loss, as modern research and scholarship reveals the earnest of the treasures of English mediæval ecclesiastical art. Thousands of the wall paintings on the parish churches have been rescued from beneath the whitewash with which the zealots hid these "pictures superstitious," but in that wave of destruction practically all the wooden altar panels and the craftwork would inevitably have disappeared. We cannot judge our performance justly in face of that tremendous loss.

Meantime the belief in foreign superiority in art was established. Flemish painters, German painters, Dutch painters, followed the French artists of the earlier years. Sometimes the visitor was truly great—a Holbein, a Van Dyck. Our own men, even though they were as fine as John Bettes or Nicholas Hilliard, must needs give way before such supreme achievement. But the Eworths, the Mytens, the Peter Lelys and Geoffrey Knellers who secured the great commissions, were made wealthy by court and aristocratic patronage, were given distinctions and titles: such were of no service to any art. Whilst

they thus dominated, somewhere in England a brilliant artist painted the *portrait of Martha Sowerby* which we have in the National Gallery, a work that has been compared not unjustly to that of Velasquez.

Unfortunately that same attitude holds to-day despite two centuries of fine work and the productions of some painters who have led the world in their time. We tend officially to take the attitude that any work of outstanding merit must be foreign in origin. The relegation of the Wilton Diptych to the "French School" after it had been exhibited as a masterpiece of fourteenth-century English painting, and subscribed for publicly as such, is an outstanding example. Few of us, it is true, have the necessary scholarship or opportunity of placing such a work accurately, but the evidence for ascribing it to a French artist has never been produced, for the excellent reason that it doesn't exist.

A similar enthusiasm for foreign attribution is the instance of the monumental portrait of King Richard which appeared in the French Exhibition "probably by Beaunevue" quoth the catalogue. Beaunevue incidentally happens to have been born at Valenciennes which was not French until the end of the seventeenth century. But the French are wisely proud of their art and their reputation as an artistic nation. They do not give their artists away so recklessly.

We will hope, therefore, that this Exhibition will cure us of a false modesty about the British contribution. In these things we need not fear to stress our just claims, for differences of race, of natural environment, have given us a distinctive vision in our art as in our literature.

That claim goes back farther than most people's. At Burlington House we have the opportunity of seeing the magnificent manuscript of the Winchester School, *The Benedictional of St. Aethelwold*, dating to about A.D. 980. But two hundred years before this we can point to the perfection of *The Book of Kells* and of the *Lindisfarne Gospel*, two of the most perfect pieces of illumination in

the world. This Winchester School work, with its typical English freedom in the style of the drawing, its fine linear design, is already at the end of a great tradition.

The century following the Conquest saw a setback in this art of illumination, but the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries found the English scribes dominating Europe with the beauty of their manuscripts. There is testimony everywhere, too, of the brilliance of English craft work during the years when the English cathedrals were being built. In England, as in France, the need of light in the cathedrals gave us windows, and the magnificence of our stained glass in place of the walls and fresco paintings of the Italian basilicas. Our arts, like the French, through those centuries therefore tended to be along lines of applied art, especially needlework and metalwork, and of manuscript illumination. The foundations must be looked for there.

From the portraits of donors in these, and from such works as the delightful work of John Rous in the *Warwick Roll* we watch the art of portraiture emerge. Rous's work interests us in its technical use of line and wash—a form of workmanship which was used by early Winchester School illuminators, and which was destined to come back into English art in the hands of the topographical artists of the eighteenth century and lead straight on to our exquisite water-colour landscape school. Direct fresh, free and lively work: the English characteristic vision and method is strongly marked in the Roll.

Nicholas Hilliard, whose work is the outstanding feature of the miniature cases, gives it to us again during the Tudor period. A fine artist, owing much to Holbein as his racy and delightful book upon painting confesses, but owing much too to a typically English approach and workmanship. If during those years when the English genius was expressing itself so marvellously in the form of literature there is a comparative paucity of painting, it is that already we have taken to giving our greatest patronage to foreign artists.

With the eighteenth century and the coming of Hogarth we have the beginning of another dominant period of English art. On his heels treads Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn and the other portraitists, and immediately behind them the peculiarly national vision of landscape which released first England then Europe from the domination of classicism. Hogarth, moralist as well as craftsman in art, reveals a tendency which lies behind practically all English art. We have in us the northern strain of subjectivism which can never quite content itself with mere perfection of form. It leads us to painting with a mental or spiritual content rather than perfection of surface. Thus in some ways Reynolds, most magnificent painter of our greatest age, was least typical of our distinctive genius and vision. His eyes were always upon Italy. He yearned for the establishment of what he called "Historical painting," that is to say, painting in the grand manner of the more flamboyant Italians. The wealth of Reynolds' work in the Exhibition reiterates his mastery, but we find in the Gainsboroughs the more typical English note.

Gainsborough's freedom of brushwork which made him the precursor of the Impressionists, his love of the out-of-doors—an English passion this, almost inexplicable in face of our climate—brings him nearer our love if he must stand a little farther off from our complete admiration than Sir Joshua. It makes him too a pioneer of landscape. His century did not encourage him in this direction; but the opportunity of seeing such masterpieces as Lord Swaythling's lovely possession, *The Harvest Waggon*, will reveal his greatness.

While Reynolds, discontented with the art of portraiture, was pleading for new avenues for British painting this art of landscape was opening out towards the glory of Constable and Turner, of the Norwich School men, the water-colourists, the galaxy of painters who were to give us fresh insight into nature. Urbane Sir Joshua would hardly have recognized that road. Nor would he

have seen the spiritual glory that was Blake. Mystic, artist of the other world who turned to this one only for such symbols as would convey his visions, scorner of surface appearances, Blake stands apart from all ordered progress in art. In these days when the veil between the material and the forces beyond the material is tending to wear thin we are beginning to understand Blake. We no longer demand photographic realism of facts from an artist who is trying to say something quite different. We can appreciate the artistic qualities of rhythmic form, of linear design, the freedom of brush and graver which Blake brought to the expression of his peculiar vision. He stands as a kind of rebuke to the successful materialism of his century, a rebuke in the name of the spirit, as Hogarth was in the name of social morality.

In the midst of that self-satisfied Augustan age the new forces were everywhere at work. The first pipings of Romantic poetry were heard, the novelists were turning to subjective analysis of mankind, the artists were looking at the English countryside and finding it good. Whilst our wealthy connoisseurs were still paying large prices for the landscapes of classic Claude, the pioneer English landscape artists were starving for lack of support. Wilson and Cotman, Crome and Cox: one after another they open out to us the individual beauty of England and live poorly whilst the prizes go to the Canalettos and the painters of the Grand Tour. But they were true to their vision and they won through for their art if not for themselves.

Constable, painter of the ever-changing English weather and the English countryside, comes into the story when the battle is already practically won. He paints with such directness the transient effects of light that French art sat at his feet when, in 1824, he exhibited *The Haywain* in the Salon. And the French learned anew of Bonington, that brilliant young genius who, dying at twenty-six, nevertheless left a magnificent heritage of the painting of light in nature.

Then Turner. In his individual way he again led the world. His own art history moving from conscientious topographical landscape to such depicting of light in terms of pigment as art had never seen, is an epitome of the painting of his century. Even Ruskin his apologist could not follow him in his final flights into the empyrean. With so much of his work concentrated in two London Galleries his true measure has never been realized abroad.

So through the centuries British Art renews itself. When the materialism of the Victorian era swamped it with anecdotal painting it rose renewed in the power of the Pre-Raphaelites, turning deliberately to nature and to the painters of early Italy who were most closely in touch with nature for its inspiration. Watts again brings the typically English contribution of moral purpose to his work. So does Burne-Jones. So does Holman Hunt. These men fall just short of supreme technical achievement, but they have in their work something intimately true to the English vision.

The review of a thousand years of British art which the Exhibition at Burlington House affords gives us an opportunity of appreciating the quality of this individual outlook. It leads us to nature and to the subjective, rather than to mankind and the external. It sees nature disassociated from man. It has little of the classic enthusiasm for pure form and pure art, but is always veering towards art with a purpose—heresy according to contemporary æsthetics. In this way it tends not to take art with the deadly earnestness of the Latin peoples, and turns from the grand manner in search of the intimate. It is unselfconscious in its essential spirit; and, perhaps because of this, free in its expression. But for more than ten centuries, despite definite opposition and vague neglect, and almost against the current of popular opinion, it has been true to a particular vision of truth and beauty which nothing could quite suppress and no power could cause it entirely to betray.

Is Evolution True? (II)

By Arnold Lunn

IN the last issue of the ENGLISH REVIEW I showed that though certain facts such as vestigial remains and recapitulation may suggest Evolution, no adequate proof has yet been advanced to justify this theory. I showed that the geological record is consistent with Evolution within the framework of species, but is inconsistent with any theory of Evolution transcending the limits of the natural family. I quoted the Dewar statistics to show that the absence of missing links in the fossil record cannot easily be explained by the alleged imperfection of the geological record. Finally, I argued that the belief in Evolution rests not on scientific evidence, but, as that great scientist and convinced evolutionist, Yves Delage, admitted, on certain philosophical prejudices against special creation.

I propose in the following pages to show that the attempt to produce a plausible explanation of the evolutionary process has ended in failure. Lamarck, who was the true pioneer of the evolutionary theory, failed, for Lamarckianism depends on the inheritance of acquired characteristics, and all the available evidence, if not actually coercive, very strongly suggests that acquired characteristics cannot be inherited.

Darwin, who tacitly acquiesced in the conspiracy to represent him as the discoverer of Evolution, attempted to explain the evolutionary process by the agency of Natural Selection. This *deus ex machina* was supposed to select favourable variations which increased their possessor's chances of survival, and to weed out the unfavourable variations. Darwinism was popular with atheists because Darwin claimed to have provided an answer to Paley's argument from design, for, if Darwinism were true, the marvellous adaptations of living creatures could be explained not by the directing power of a supernatural designer, but by the blind action of chance,

a mindless environment blindly selecting fortuitous variations which make for survival.

At this point I must repeat my warning to the reader against the slovenly terminology of scientists. Scientists, as I showed in my last article, not only confuse major Evolution which transcends the limits of the natural family with minor Evolution within the limitations of species, but some of the most eminent scientists have a loose habit of using the word "Darwinism" as the equivalent of "Evolution." Sir Arthur Keith, for instance, has written a book called "Darwinism and What It Implies," in which he never condescends to define what he means by Darwinism, and in which he habitually writes "Darwinism" where he should write "Evolution." It is this sort of thing which makes continental scientists laugh, and which is responsible for the accusation of parochialism so often brought against our English worshippers at Darwin's shrine. No continental scientist would be so ill-informed as to ignore by implication Darwin's great predecessor Lamarck. Sir Arthur Keith does not mention in the course of his book a single solitary argument for or against Darwinism in the proper sense of the term. Nor is this his only offence against clear thinking. He confuses Evolution by descent with Evolution as a general process of change. "We can trace," he writes, "the rise of all the mechanical inventions which have so transformed our modern modes of life. Incited by Darwin's teaching, we have searched the ancient foundations of Rome, Crete, Egypt and Mesopotamia and have found that man's highest civilization has sprung from savagedom. Everything living and dead has been found to be subject to the laws of Evolution . . . how can man escape a law which is universal?"

False philosophy corrupts the ablest of minds. It is pathetic that scientists of Sir Arthur Keith's distinction should inflict this parody of reasoning on the defenceless public in a popular work published at a popular price.

For surely Sir Arthur must realize that you cannot deduce Evolution by descent from the evolution of mechanical inventions. Sir Arthur Keith's analogy could be used to prove with equal effect that a modern battleship is a blood relation of Nelson's "Victory" or that the battleship and man are both special creations.

Darwinism is dead, for the neo-Darwinist has as much right to describe himself as a Darwinist as the extreme Modernist has to describe himself as a Christian. The essence of Darwinism is the natural selection of fortuitous variations, but it is now generally accepted that variations fluctuate about a mean and tend to return to that mean, and that consequently a progressive accumulation of favourable variations is no explanation of the transformation of species. The neo-Darwinists substitute for the Darwinian selection of variations the selection of mutations. Darwinists of to-day are busily engaged in trying to salvage something from the wreck of Darwinism by applying Mendel's great discovery.

Mendel showed that what is handed on from one generation to another are not infinitesimal variations but certain unit characters in the germ plasm passed on *in toto* in a certain numerical ratio. It is incidentally significant that one of the few, perhaps the only important, impregnable fact which emerges from the welter of discarded evolutionary fallacies, is the discovery of a simple monk who spent part of his day on his knees, and part of his day examining the common or garden pea. Mendel was successful because he was interested in studying nature rather than in proving a particular thesis. Mendel succeeded because he was concerned solely to discover the truth. No bee in his bonnet disturbed Mendel's calm scrutiny of the pea in his garden.

According to the neo-Darwinists, evolution can be explained by the natural selection, not of favourable variations as Darwin believed, but of favourable mutations. A mutation is a discontinuous variation, a

big jump which appears suddenly, and which is transmitted as a whole from parent to offspring. The evolutionary process, we are now asked to believe, consists in the preservation of organisms which develop favourable, and in the rejection of organisms which develop unfavourable, mutations.

Let us note in passing, that whereas Darwinism was an attempt to provide a general explanation for evolution, neo-Darwinism explains nothing. A label is not an explanation. The word "mutation" has a satisfying sound, but until scientists offer some explanation for the origin of these baffling mutations, we are as far off as ever from the key which Darwin sought in vain.

In the second place, please notice that neo-Darwinism, like Darwinism for that matter, is unsupported by the least shred of direct evidence. The main contrast between Christianity and these evolutionary theories is that whereas Christianity is supported by an overwhelming cataract of evidence, historical and contemporary; the theory of evolution in general, and neo-Darwinism in particular, is based on a series of guesses unsupported by anything which would be regarded as evidence in a court of law. No new character has ever been observed emerging under the influence of *natural* selection. It is, of course, childish to argue from the results of artificial selection, for even if it were reasonable to assume, which it is not, that natural selection acting over vast periods of time could produce results similar to those produced by artificial selection over a short period, we are still faced by the fact that the evolutionary results produced by artificial selection are so amazingly trivial. It is possible by applying certain irritants and stimulants, such as X-rays or ultra-violet rays, to flowers or to insects such as the fruit fly, to produce some trivial alteration which looks like a new character. But there is no real evidence that the alleged new characters do not originate from new combinations of the genes present in the chromosones, or from the loss of chromosones. As that great scientist,

Professor Bateson, who was the first to realise the full importance of Mendel's discoveries, frankly confessed :—

> Analysis has revealed hosts of transferable characters. Their combinations suffice to supply in abundance series of types which might pass for new species and certainly would be so classed if they were met with in nature. Yet, critically tested, we find that they are not distinct species and we have no reason to suppose that any accumulation of characters of the same order would culminate in the production of distinct species. Specific difference must be regarded as probably attaching to the base upon which transferables are implanted and of which we know absolutely nothing at all. Nothing that we have witnessed in the contemporary world can colourably be interpreted as providing the sort of evidence required.

Though stern, I am not brutal, and there are moments when I am moved almost to tears by the wistful contrast between the robust faith of the Victorian Darwinist and the puzzled sceptism of our modern Evolutionists.

The modern scientist, in spite of all the bluster of Messrs. Wells and Huxley, knows full well that evolution is nothing more than a plausible and convenient hypothesis. Its appeal is fundamentally æsthetic rather than scientific. The theory that all living forms are descended from a single parent cell is a picturesque and poetic legend.

Berg, a Russian scientist employed, as I said last month, by an atheistic Government, tells us that Linnaeus, who believed that all the different species were created separately, was far nearer the truth than Darwin. "To support the view," he writes, "that animals are descended from four or five progenitors is now impossible; the number of primal ancestors must be computed in thousands or tens of thousands."

Nasty news, this, for the atheist, for though the credulity of the atheist knows no limits, even Mr. Cohen himself would find it difficult to believe that thousands of different parent forms were spawned by chance from the primeval mud. Even Mr. Cohen would find it difficult to believe that blind chance produced, by

spontaneous generation, a primeval pig at one point on the surface of the planet, and at another point a primeval porpoise.

Even in the days when men could still believe in the imminent triumph of Darwinism, Darwinists were forced to burke the greatest of all problems in Evolution, the the evolution of lifeless into living matter. Darwin realised this difficulty, and was prepared to concede that the Creator may have breathed life into the primary forms from which all living things are descended, after which, so he gave us vaguely to understand, each primary form was told that it could expect no further assistance from God, but must make its own upward way in the world by its own unaided exertions. But those disciples of Darwin, who had discarded God, quietly assumed that it was sufficient for Darwin to allude to "The Origin of Species" in his title, and nobody would be such a cad as to expect the Darwinist to explain the real origin of species, the appearance of the first living cell. By an ingenious trick of terminology the reader was induced to believe that an alleged explanation of the *transformation* of species was, in effect, a genuine explanation of the *origin* of species.

The truth is, of course, that even if the later stage of the evolutionary process could be explained without invoking special creation, Evolution from lifeless to living matter is itself a supreme example of creative power at work.

Nothing could be naïver than the alternative explanations which are put forward by popular scientists such as Mr. H. G. Wells or Professor Huxley. "In the primeval ocean," I recently read in an advertisement of their book, "The Science of Life"—"life pulsated for the first time as a tiny single cell." This "tiny cell" reminds me of the defence put forward by the servant girl for her illegitimate child—"It was such a little one." But the atheist is sanguine if he assumes that we shall not criticize the illegitimate ancestry of his primeval cell merely because it happens to be rather little. It is only

the untrained imagination which equates the tiny with the simple.

Mr. Wells, in his more candid moments, admits this, for though he tells us on one page of "The Science of Life" that life must have originated "in a simple form from lifeless matter," he concedes a few pages later that living matter is infinitely complicated, many times more complicated in its construction than anything known throughout the universe.

Living matter differs from non-living in three vitally important respects. In the first place it has the power of spontaneous motion. In the second place it can assimilate nourishment and convert non-living food into living matter, and, thirdly, it can pass on the torch of life to its descendents.

It is inconceivable that a living cell, which possesses these three marvellous qualities, none of which are possessed by lifeless matter, could have developed by pure unguided chance from the primeval seas.

The simplest cell known to science is an amazingly intricate and beautifully adjusted piece of machinery. No chemist has ever succeeded in reproducing in his laboratory a living cell, however simple. It is absurd to suppose that blind chance could succeed where the directing skill of the chemist has failed. As that great scientist, Sir William Tilden, remarked, "No known or conceivable process or groups of processes at work in organic nature is equal to this task. Chance is an explanation only for minds insensible to the beauty and order of organic life."

"Beauty and order"—precisely.

The atheist is not only intellectually but also aesthetically deficient. It is the Philistine who has said in his heart, "There is no God."

Let us study the simplest method of reproduction known in nature, reproduction by the division of a single cell into two cells. Each cell contains a small, complicated central body called a nucleus, and each nucleus

contains a number of thin threads called chromosones. It is interesting to notice the different forms of living matter are characterized by cells containing a definite and in each case a different number of chromosones. Each cell in the human body contains 48 chromosones the cell of the house-fly 12 chromosones. During the process of cell division each thin chromosone thread is split lengthways, and divided into two equal portions. Each of the two cells into which the parent cell divides needs an exact equal number of chromosones. The allocation of chromosones is carried through with unerring accuracy and discrimination.

Even if we were credulous enough to believe that a cell with its intricate machinery could emerge by pure chance from mud, we should find it difficult to accept the fact that this chance spawn of the primeval seas had been fitted with such marvellously intricate and ingenious arrangements for dividing its chromosones and passing on its chromosone packets from one generation to the next.

Evolutionists are beginning to realize that they are taxing our credulity too severely if they invite us to believe that environment is the sole agency in the evolutionary process. The atheist, as we know, will believe anything provided that there is no evidence for it, but even atheists are beginning to wonder whether the selective action of a mindless environment could really transform a blob of colloid into the brain of a Shakespeare. Consequently, modern atheists are vaguely searching for some secondary causes to assist environment in its delicate task. It is, however, important to realize that though a Lamarckian, like Samuel Butler, may invoke the intelligent co-operation of the living creature with its enviroment as a factor in its own evolution, it is impossible to account for the origin of life by the co-operation between mud and the first protozoa. The plan of action laid down in Smiles's classic work, "Self Help," can hardly explain the advance from mud to protozoa, or the promotion of protozoa into metazoa.

Nor for that matter can the survival of the fittest explain the emergence of the first living cell.

The survival of the fittest is, as everybody knows, the key to Darwinian evolution, but neither the selection of advantageous variations, nor of advantageous mutations help us to understand the origin of life. For, as Professor Whitehead remarks, "Life itself has very little survival value in comparison with the inorganic matter from which it sprang. A rock survives for hundreds of millions of years, whereas even a tree lasts only a thousand years. If 'survival' was what nature aimed at, why should life appear at all? Again, why should the trend of evolution be upward, so that higher and higher types are evolved? The doctrine of evolution does not explain this. The upward trend cannot be due to the influence of the environment, for the lower types are just as well adapted to their environment as are the higher types." In other words a bacterium is just as "fit to survive" as a baby.

Again, the atheist does not condescend to explain why life does not appear spontaneously to-day. If the primeval seas could spawn a speck of living matter, why not the oceans of to-day? Nor does the atheist explain why certain forms of lowly life were fired by this noble ambition to become men, whereas other protozoa have jogged along quite contentedly for millions of years, and have never apparently wished to take the next stage in the upward evolutionary process.

The origin of life is the first, but it is by no means the last, of the problems to which atheism provides no clue. The atheist has to bridge the great ragged gaps in the fossil record. As I showed last month, the rocks have no record of *any* missing links. It is not only that we miss the links between man and the ape, there are no real links connecting *any* of the genera.

How were these great ragged gaps in the evolutionary theory bridged? From creatures without shells to creatures with shells, from scales to feathers, from creatures that emerge from an egg to creatures that

emerge from the womb. The rocks supply no clue to this problem. It is difficult to believe that these tremendous disruptive changes can have been brought about by an accumulation of small fortuitous mutations. We can imagine minor changes being effected in this fashion, such as the evolution of a three-toed horse into a hoofed horse, but as Macfie remarks, " we can hardly imagine a shelled egg *gradually* giving up its shell, and its food supply, and *gradually* making a placental connection, blood vessels and all, with the parental uterus. It is one of these variations which—if it occurred in the course of reproduction—must have been sudden and complete in all its complex correlation " (Macfie, " The Theology of Evolution," page 60). Once we are forced to postulate vast complex mutations, leaps not of a single character but of battalions and guilds of characters, mutations involving elimination and reconstruction on a stupendous scale, we might as well admit special creation and have done with it. For, as I pointed out in " The Flight from Reason," is it much more difficult to believe in a deity who evolves a bird out of nothing than in a deity who evolves a bird, by a sudden mutation, out of a lizard?

A human surgeon produces mutations in the body when he removes an appendix or grafts new tissue, but, as Macfie points out, the greatest surgical skill is needed to mutate without mutilating. It is almost as inconceivable that pure chance should produce one of these complex and valuable mutations as that a complete beginner could perform without previous experience a complicated major operation.

The atheist who rejects God is driven back upon the environment as the sole agent capable of originating the evolutionary process, and the most important agent in its continuance. It is the credulity rather than the scepticism of the atheist which chiefly impresses me. Veritably, the faith that moves mountains is trivial indeed compared to the faith which mutates mud into man.

The primeval seas produced the fortuitous blob of colloid. Immediately environment set to work and by a series of happy inspired mutations produces from this parent cell all the existing varieties of life: moths and monkeys, trilobites and trees, sharks and Shakespeare.

For my own part I find it easier to believe in God than in an environment as fastidious as a professional wine-taster, as neat fingered as the most skilled of surgeons.

A foolish young man once went up to the Duke of Wellington at a public function, and remarked inquiringly, "Good afternoon, Sir. Mr. Smith, I believe?" "If you believe that," replied the Iron Duke, "you would believe anything." Much the same retort might be made to the evolutionary atheist.

"To suggest," writes Professor T. Young Simpson, "that this sustained, orderly, pulsating, rhythmical way, in which things on the whole progressively advance, is all a haphazard affair makes a greater demand on our credulity than the most liberal acceptance of an Old Testament miracle.

"In fact no explanation will ever satisfy the human reason that does not in some way make Mind the essence of the process."

War and Peace

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller

WAR is coeval with the origins of man's history; this is the first fact we must accept. And the second is, that the constant desire in man has been the establishment of peace. Yet conflict has followed conflict and, so far as concerns the elimination of war, there has not been a glimmer of a solution. Why is this? The answer is uncontradictable, it is: that man is never for long satisfied with any form of peace he may create. Therefore, the fundamental urge of war must be sought in the imperfections of human nature; in the will of man, his ideas, his instincts and his emotions. In one word, in his "desires," or in another, in his "discontents." It is an inward, a spiritual urge, which by a different name we call "progress," and it bears but a passing relationship to the things which man wishes for; the things *outside* his body, mind and soul. Once Marshal Saxe, said: "The human heart is the starting-point in all matters pertaining to war." And I, for one, would add: "and pertaining to peace also."

Here then is the answer why, if war is the supreme evil it is daily depicted to be, man, so far, has been unable to unburden himself of it. His heart tells him that every peace he establishes is imperfect. That it is, as it were, possessed of original sin, a devil which in due time will render it unbearable, even more unbearable than war itself. In fact he unconsciously senses that a day will come when he must invoke war to destroy what was once a palace and what will soon become a prison to him. In war he sees his liberator, a liberator who he knows full well will demand the heaviest of ransoms.

What does this mean? It means, so it seems to me, that in war there is as yet, and deep down in his heart man knows it, something even more precious than all the things which peace can give him. A something which will prevent his ultimate dream becoming unattain-

able. A something which he dare not part with. A something even more desirable than life itself; for without it life would lose its savour. Put bluntly: there is in man that spirit of the wild boar which trembles before the vision of the farm-yard pig!

What is this devil which inhibits every form of peace that man fashions? It is not a spirit or a material thing; it is a void, an abyss which gapes before him whenever he hears war called into disfavour. A chasm he dare not plunge into, for it is without a bottom.

We talk of peace and plenty, of peace and contentedness, of peace and equal opportunities. We look upon peace as law and order, as organized society, as every man quietly going about his daily work and being justly rewarded. But this is not the ultimate peace that man hopes for. In such a peace he sees the monotonous routine of the ant-hill and of the beehive. He wants something more heroic than order, work and food. A peace he can struggle with, as Jacob struggled with the angel at the ford of Jabbock. A peace which though it may lame him will bless him and will raise him out of his everyday life and endow him with something spiritual, eternal. A power whereby he may recreate himself, a power beyond the feeding of his family and the paying of his baker's bills.

He feels that beyond his doings and his happenings, his similarities with his fellow-men, there is something which is essentially his own. Something he cannot name; yet something which is worth fighting for and dying for, a something which is nobler and sublimer than mere living. It is this dread of losing his individuality in the farm-yard pig which keeps him a wild boar, and so sustains the barbarian within him, because he fears to be swallowed up by that monster we call "Civilization." Out of the dust of the earth he forms kingdoms and empires and epochs. He cements them with his blood, his tears and his sweat; but because thus far he has been unable to breathe into their nostrils "the breath

of life," in turn he shatters each one of them—these idols of clay and mud.

What then is this magical virtue in war, can we name it? It is difficult to do so, because it is something real and antagonistic to the artificial lives we lead; something alive compared to something mummified. Above all it is the greatness of striving amidst great dangers; a walking in the valley of the shadow of death. Be a man an atheist, an agnostic, or a fervent believer in God, to be daily standing on the threshold of death is to bring him close to the true values and virtues of life. To be hourly confronted by the mystery—the end of himself as himself, is the greatest test of his manhood. He sees things in a different light, for it is only in moments of great danger that his true self is revealed to him and to his comrades. He may be the humblest of soldiers, yet at the supreme moment he may transcend the most exalted and become all but a god to his fellow-men.

It is because war renders all men equal before danger; because the bullet shows no favouritism, blindly striking down humble and exalted alike, that war offers to man that supreme power of displaying what he really is made of. It is because every man can become a hero that war is so different from peace.

You cannot buy heroism, you cannot barter it, you cannot make it with a machine; for heroism is a product of the soul, that is—of what is essential in man. In war time every man and woman becomes intensely alive. Ranks, classes, sects and parties become insignificant and even contemptible before the common danger. Brotherhood is only fully realizable in war. In the factory men work for something which is more important than their pay. On the battlefield they fight for what no gold can buy them. And after the battle the dead, both friend and foe, are often buried side by side in a common grave and the wounded tended in a common hospital. War is a great leveller, but war is also a great exalter. It calls out what is best in man. Only in war do we discover how noble and how humble men

and women can be; for it is the fool alone who struts arrogantly on the door-step of Death. As a writer has truly said: "War endures not because men are base, but because they are noble." It brings them very close to God, and in their eyes shines a divine light, a light peace seldom sees.

Do we realize this to-day? No. We are so soaked in materialism and in calculations of things that our souls have become petrified. We can look at nothing through the eyes of the spirit. Realizing acutely enough the horrors of war, because they jar on our complaisances, we glibly talk of moral equivalents of war, and what do we mean? Better and securer material conditions! Ever since 1919 have we been hammering in or pulling out the nails of the coffin of a dead world, and not until we, the men of the West, abandon this futile task and struggle towards the resurrection of the world, a world of higher spiritual form, shall we prevail against war.

Behold what we do: We make peace treaties to bankrupt our enemies; we establish a League of Nations to sit, like a dead weight, on the lid of the cauldron of a boiling world; we talk of international police forces, and of bludgeoning to prevent bludgeoning. We assemble Disarmament Conferences to discuss weapons, things of metal and of wood. We examine the causes of war, economic, political, geographical and strategical, all true enough; yet we do not spend ten minutes in examining those conditions of peace which give birth to all these things, and if we did we should realize that it is because peace is so soulless that war is so prevalent.

Therefore it seems to me that throughout man's history he has made one supreme mistake. He has separated peace and war into two problems, when in fact they are one problem, a single problem. He has called peace "good" and war "evil," failing to see that neither is a thing in itself, but in place both are part of himself. Man is peace and war, and within man are all the virtues and vices of peace and war. Not until man can cast out

of peace its greeds and its fears and bring into peace the nobility and self-sacrifice of war will he begin to purge this world of the terrors of war.

To establish a true and creative peace, we must endow our lives with something more precious than mere living. Living should be a means to an end and not an end in itself, otherwise men are no better than animals. If we want peace then we must be prepared to die for it and not merely sigh for it. Some great wonder must fill us which is beyond all earthly things. A wonder which is not a Spirit we can kneel before, pray to and supplicate to preserve us, but which will transfigure us, and through our transfiguration will transfigure peace itself.

To prevent bloodshed is not enough; for the shedding of blood is but an incident in war. James Martineau, a good Christian, once said:

> "The reverence for human life is carried to an immoral idolatry when it is held more sacred than justice and right, and when the spectacle of blood becomes more horrible than the sight of desolating tyrannies and triumphant hypocrisies. All law, all polity, is a proclamation that justice is better than life, and if need be, shall over-ride it and all the possessions it includes, and nothing can be weaker and more suicidal than for men who are citizens of a commonwealth to announce that, for their part, they mean to hold life in higher esteem than justice. And if the day comes when nations are content to submit every dispute, whatever be its origin, to the decision of a court, it may be not that the world has grown better, but that men have become meaner and baser because there is no longer anything they hold dearer than life."

Christ "marvelled" at a Roman soldier's faith, pronouncing it to be the greatest he had found on earth. Were he to be reborn to-day would he not also marvel should he hear such a man proclaimed to be "a social sadist"? He said: "I bring not peace but a sword," because peace without justice is incipient anarchy.

All things are holy, and this the world must realize before it can become holy. Yet holiness in man is not perfect, only in God is it perfect; nevertheless the holiness of man is also of the holiness in God.

War is holy so long as peace is not sufficiently

perfect to dispense with the cleansing process of war. War will go when man brings into peace that perfection which will allow everyone of us to feel that he or she is for ever free, free to move onwards into the unknown and to grow spiritually, which is individually, and not merely materially, for material things are common to all.

This perfection will not be found in poiltics, economics, Leagues of Nations, Disarmament or things worldly. It will be found only when religion, in the broadest sense of this word, is brought back again into life. That something to which life itself is nothing and yet when it enters life it can make of it all things, leading man onwards from the imperfect to the more perfect.

To me it seems that true religion can never be static. A church may have its sacred books, its rituals and doctrines; yet the most sacred part of it is the lives of its members. In such a religion surely God is not finite in his infinity, that is something incomprehensibly static to man's mind; but infinitely wonderful, a wonder which can grow and expand in man. Not a God we have to fear; but a God we have to seek, search out and live for; a God we are ever discovering in ourselves and whose light leads us to realize ourselves as individual fractions of divinity. Each revelation revealing to us something worth living for and worth dying for.

Finally, it seems to me that the problem of peace and war is fundamentally a spiritual problem, to-day obscured by anathemas on the one side and hypocrisies on the other. In place of purging peace we are damning war, and so are making the outbreak of war not only all the more certain but all the more necessary. Not until we change our hearts shall we change our minds. "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life," said St. Paul to Timothy. Without wishing to parody these words, I will end by saying: Without the good fight of faith we shall never lay hold on a lasting peace.

The Inheritance

By Mary Carter

IT happened when Lakshman was harrowing his field. In his case this proceeding did not demand the contraption of jangling iron that is considered necessary in agricultural circles in Europe. A heavy wooden post, toothed at intervals with short wooden pegs, was dragged transversely round the field by the gaunt bullocks. Further, two important birds were killed with one stone by Lakshman standing on the post during its travels. It served as a carriage on which to ride, and his weight augmented that of the post and drove the pegs more deeply and successfully into the ground.

Gradually, above the persistent " Koel, koel " of the Indian cuckoo in the peepul tree near by, and the song of the man at the well to his bullocks, Lakshman became aware of a voice calling to him. A man, standing by the cactus hedge was calling, and violently beckoning, with the downward movement peculiar to the Indian. Both men, true to their race, would not walk where their voices could carry their message.

" What do you want? " shouted Lakshman.

But the man would vouchsafe no more than an imperative " Come home."

Lakshman tied his bullocks and walked over the crumbling black cotton soil toward his neighbour. His red pagri, weathered and worn by long service, was a mere rope twisted round his head. His drab-white shirt was widely open at the chest; his dhoti, the nether garment, was drawn up to his bare knees; his heavy country shoes, turned up at their square toes, flapped from his heels as he walked. He was tall and straight; his face and hands knotted with the stress of long toil. He was barely fifty; and he looked seventy.

The man awaiting him spoke rapidly; and with one short, sharp exclamation Lakshman broke away and began to run over the field toward the village. The

whole of the populace of this hamlet was congregated around the well; and on the ground by its side, her clothing sodden with water, her sari swathed round her face, Lakshman's daughter lay dead. He was not conscious of what he exclaimed; he was not conscious of the already arriving police. He only knew two things: his dear and only daughter was drowned; and her husband had drowned her. In a maze of grief he answered questions; shouting his accusation at the shrinking son-in-law; and then prepared for the hasty funeral. Shanka, the son-in-law, denying his guilt, was taken into custody.

The women at each other's doors; the men, grouped in the roadway, smoking their bidis, talked much. Shanka had always been a cruel husband; many had been the conflicts between Lakshman and the brutal young man. More than once Shanka had threatened to throw Gudu into the well; not many days since, either. Each remembered something to add to the certainty of his guilt. Shanka had sworn, supported by his mother, that Gudu had declared that she would end her unhappy life; that she would drown herself. But the villagers clicked their tongues in their cheeks and had remained silent until the police had left.

Shanka was acquitted. There was no proof of murder, and it was admitted that Gudu had said that she would take her life. Shanka, irrespective of his private life, was a good workman as a motor mechanic. His master, biassed by this, gave strong evidence of his good character to the Indian judge, and he was discharged. Courts may decide such matters, but the village tribunal has the power of inner knowledge. Shanka found it expedient to remove to a neighbouring village; and soon commenced to look for another wife. But soon after his departure, Lakshman, going one day to his secret hiding place for his money, known only to his daughter and her husband, found that his life's savings, over a hundred rupees, was gone.

Lakshman brooded daily. If only the old judge

sahib had been still in India; he would have listened to Lakshman and considered, as he had done about the banya making his bill out to be Rs. 100/, instead of Rs. 10/. Of the new judge sahib he knew nothing; he might be a pukka sahib; but new comers do not appeal to the confidence of the Lakshmans of this world.

One day good news reached him. A friend from Poona told him that a son of the old judge sahib was come out as an assistant collector sahib in a district there. A great hope entered the heart of Lakshman. He would go and tell the young sahib all, and he would see that justice was done.

Lakshman's preparations were few. He would have liked to have bought nice clothes to meet the young sahib; but beyond a new pagri, his funds were not adequate for clothes and his train fare as well.

The slow, cheap, third-class trains crept their leisurely way down the Ghats, and up again from Lakshman's district to that of Poona. The passengers sprawling on the seats or hanging out of the windows by day; sleeping upon one another at night; washing the sweat and grime of the journey away at the station taps during the long waits at the platforms, while expresses swept past them disdainfully.

The air blew furnace hot as Lakshman at last alighted at his journey's end. "At his journey's end." Upon finding the bungalow of the young assistant collector sahib, he was told that he had gone up into the hill station thirty miles away "to change the climate," as the expression is in some circles in India.

Lakshman's money was nearly spent. He had subconsciously looked for baksheesh from the young sahib. He had no choice but to walk this addition to his expedition. At any rate, bullock carts would always be on the way; and there is a freemasonry of the road in all countries. But as Lakshman walked on, leaving mile after mile of scorched, dusty road behind him, no welcome string of bullock carts ambled leisurely into his view;

neither going up nor coming down the hills. A certain "great person" had selected this day for going up to the hill station for which Lakshman was bound; and the country folk had received an order that no vehicle should pass over the roads until the august journey should be accomplished. Bullock carts are, of course, anathema to the motorist in India; but to one man's convenience was sacrificed loss, delay, to a score of people, and to Lakshman, deadly exhaustion on the road.

As the sun sank toward the horizon he sat under the shelter of a tree and took out of his pagri his last chapatti. He sat in the road, a customary place of rest in India, doubtless because the roadside has too many lurking dangers for safe refreshment. It was so in Lakshman's case, for before he had half eaten his chapatti, a car swept up the road, causing him hastily to scramble up and rush to the side to escape from its wheels. Stumbling in his haste, he put down his hand to save himself from falling. Instantly, as he touched the ground, a sinuous body curled closely round his wrist; while sharp fangs fastened upon his hand. Wildly he snatched at the snake and threw it from him. All an Indian's terror of snakebite seized him. Here, alone in the jungle! He must find help. The car with its occupants unconscious of the tragedy they were leaving by the roadside, passed relentlessly out of sight. Sweat broke from the old man, and noises rang in his ears. Already he could feel the pain increasing in his hand. He must find someone; some help; he could not die alone. He started hurrying along the road; his throat parched, a mist before his eyes. The physical results of his agony of fear he mistook for the influence of the poison. It was no use. There was no help. With a deep groan he sank down by the roadside and lay unconscious. Thus, merciful nature saved him. If he had remained conscious of the bite, fear would probably have killed him; such cases are known in India. But, wearied with his journeyings, as he recovered from his faint, he passed into sleep, and lay sleeping

until dusk. The snake that had bitten him was not a poisonous one; the slight pain of the bite passed off; and Lakshman rested more sweetly than he had done the last two nights in the train.

An old labourer, returning from the fields, found him still sleeping. Lakshman, however, was aroused by the old man's footfall; and he sat up, dazed and wondering. He was not dead; his arm was not swollen. Lakshman thankfully realized the truth. The old labourer took him to his hut, and gave him shelter. He did more. There is a bean that grows in India that is held by the country folk as an infallible test as to whether a bite of snake or sting of insect is poisonous or no. The bean is placed on the wound; if the hurt is poisonous, the bean sticks and sucks out the poison; if not, the bean falls off. In Lakshman's case the bean fell off the punctured place; and he was doubly reassured.

Lakshman rested in the old man's hut that night, but went on his way early next morning, having eaten nothing. The old labourer was of low caste, and Lakshman would not eat with him.

The sun was high when he found the hotel to which he had been directed. He lurked in its precincts until he could ask a servant where he might find the collector sahib. For a time they ignored his questions, until one more kindly than the rest told him that the sahib had gone out with a shikari party into the jungle, to a dak bungalow, ten miles away. It was midday, and fiercely hot. Lakshman would not now give in. Not so much for the sake of his errand; but he felt impelled to go on, to see his judge sahib's son, and to justify all that he had suffered on the way.

He set out again on the lonely walk through the mountain jungle. The scenery had no claims upon his attention; he thought of panther and the skulking hyena. Painfully he at last dragged through a small village where he was told that the dak bungalow was on the outskirts beyond, and soon saw the building standing

off the road, overlooking the valley. Upon satisfactory replies to his inquiries of the attendant, he squatted himself stiffly down on the end of the steps to patiently wait until such good time as the assistant collector sahib should happen to pass that way.

The new assistant collector had not gone out shooting that day. The mail letters had come in containing news from his father that had put him out of tune with his present surroundings. Making correspondence his excuse, he sat in the bungalow, re-read his father's letter, and tried to answer it.

"It is useless," his father had written, "to attempt to keep up the property. England is a new place to me; and an impossible one, so far as money is concerned. The people who are buying are decent enough. May the place be the home to them that it used to be to us. Your mother, bless her, is already pretending to be very interested in planning the cottage we are buying. *Your* future inheritance."

So that was the end of his father's life's work. To toil for nearly thirty years, and then to find that he could not keep his home together on his return to England. A pretty ghastly outlook all round.

The voices of his friends coming in to the veranda aroused him, and he went out to meet them. No use grousing. All but one, another I.C.S. man, passed through to the bedrooms to change. He threw himself into a chair on the veranda.

"You should have come with us, man," he said, adding, "There's an old bird here asking for you." He turned to Lakshman and told him in good, broad, colloquial Marathi that this was the assistant collector sahib he needed.

Lakshman stood still. He could see the old judge sahib in the young sahib's face. He trembled uncontrollably. He knew that properly, in accordance with custom at such time, he should kneel and place his forehead on the sahib's feet; but he could not trust himself not to

fall if he essayed such a thing. Now that he was face to face with his hoped-for defender, all the sorrow and injury of the reason of his coming, and all the stress of his journey, rushed in upon him. The pathos of his old figure standing there made the assistant collector ask him very kindly why he had come to him. Lakshman's answer made him exclaim a little testily: "What does he say? I can't understand what he says." Fresh from academic Marathi, Lakshman's country brogue was beyond him.

"I'm not surprised at that," said the other man. "He has got a dialect you could cut with a knife." Then, with a grin: "He says you are his father and his mother."

He turned to Lakshman and rapidly questioned him. Piece by piece the young man learned Lakshman's story; and when he had finished, the assistant collector sat thinking. So the old man had known his father, and had come to him trusting in his help. Something called back a memory of long ago at home, when he was a boy going away to Eton. He had met one of the labourers on his father's estate one day. He remembered the old man's words.

"Your father in foreign parts, sir; and you away at college. We shan't have no master in the place to look to."

The old man was the last of his race to wear the short smock of the old-time peasant. How like this old toil-worn Indian was to the old servant. And with the same need of the poor and ignorant for help and protection. The young assistant collector did not moralize; he simply knew that here, and not in England, was his inheritance.

"Will you tell him that I am coming into his country very soon," he said quietly "(I am being transferred, you know. I wanted to work in my father's old district) and I will see into his matter when I come." Then, turning, he called, "Bearer, give this old man some food, and tell him to rest; and I will give him some baksheesh for his train before he goes."

Conservatism and Scotland

By Hugh Sellon

WHEN I said to a friend that I had been asked by the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW to write an article on the position of Conservatism in Scotland, his comment was disconcerting. "How," he said, "can you write on Conservatism in Scotland, when there is no such thing as Conservatism in Scotland?"

He was, of course, right in a sense. It is an ill moment when the English politician, imported across the Border, and new to Scottish ways, refers to his audience as Conservatives. The organizing secretary—the English word, agent, is scorned—will take the first opportunity to remind the speaker, deferentially if the secretary is a man, but with vigour if she is a woman, that "We are Unionists in Scotland." And this difference in words is typical of a very fundamental difference between the political, social and intellectual outlooks of the two races—a difference which no Englishman can understand unless he has lived for years in Scotland, and shared to the best of his ability in the work and hopes and ideals of the people of Scotland.

That the people of England and Scotland are different is, of course, one of those facts which are so well recognized as to have become established as a basis for the ever popular music hall jest. But in what lies the essential difference between the people of South and North Britain? Why should the people of so small an island—despite so close a kinship in race (I allude, of course, to the all-important Lowlands)—show such marked peculiarities, that only too easily breed suspicion and misunderstanding?

Innumerable explanations have been given, and all are, no doubt, largely true. But it may be that sufficient importance has not been given to what may perhaps be the most important reason of all.

The roots of English national life are very old. Far older than most people give credit for. Anglo-Saxon

though its racial stock may be, English culture has a continuity with the mother culture of Europe, with the Mediterranean civilization of Rome. And this partly through the fact that England is Roman ground, and so shares in that Roman tradition which seems to have survived, however faintly, through all wars and invasions and revolutions, everywhere in Western Europe where the feet of the legions once trod. But still more through the fact that the cultural heritage of the greater Rome that arose from the ashes of the Empire has never died in England. The administrative aspect of Catholicism may have perished in the upheavals of the sixteenth century. But the Anglican Church was the one Reformed Church in Western Europe that continued, sometimes wistfully, as in the seventeenth century, to keep alive much of the spirit and tradition of the older church. It is usual to exaggerate the significance of the strange and essentially un-English Protestant outburst known as Puritanism. But it is significant that this movement, culminating, as it did, in the Commonwealth, should be the one great political experiment in our history that failed utterly and vanished—leaving no trace behind. It was alien to England, in that—among other weaknesses—it implied a complete break with that past which was Roman in its essential characteristics, whether they were political or spiritual.

There was never a complete break with Catholicism in England. I use the word Catholicism in its widest sense, meaning not the organization of the Catholic Church or the acceptance of its creed, but the vast intellectual and spiritual heritage that Europe owes to its Catholic past, and which, through the mediæval church, is a spiritualized continuation of the classical world, the common heritage of the peoples of Europe, and also the very foundation of European culture.

In Scotland things happened very differently. To begin with, she was not Roman ground. The frontiers of the Empire stopped short of her, and she never knew

the legions as did her southern sister. But far more important was the thoroughness of the Scottish Reformation. As has so often been said, it was the work of a prophet, and not, like the English Reformation, the work of a government. Whereas the English Reformation was Conservative, and left much Catholic tradition intact, the Scottish Reformation swept like a tidal wave over the older culture, and when the flood receded the old landmarks had vanished, and a new institution had taken root in the land.

This institution was the Scottish Presbyterian Church. And it is the most important fact in Scottish post-Reformation history. Though episcopalianism continued to be strong and flourishing, its influence was largely confined to certain social classes. Though Catholicism never vanished, its influence was strictly local, and not national. For the ordinary Scot, the Church meant the Presbyterian Kirk. And this meant Calvinism, with all its democratic features; those democratic features, a due estimate of which is the first beginning of the politician's understanding of Scottish Conservatism.

But this all-important matter—the influence of Presbyterianism on Scottish character—is one that I must deal with later. All I wish to do at present is to emphasize the fundamentally important fact that the Kirk is, in Scottish history, ever since John Knox raised the hatred of the Edinburgh mob against their Queen. For generation on generation it was the training ground of Scottish ability, the centre of Scottish community life, the spiritual and intellectual inspirer of the souls of the people of Scotland.

And it was different from the Church of England in that it had no rivals. The greater wealth of England and her unbroken cultural tradition gave an outlet to the soul that could not find satisfaction in the National church. This outlet was denied to the average Scot.

It was denied until the waves of the Industrial Revolution reached Scotland.

Then, for the first time in her history, the country became wealthy. Then every ocean bore the keels that had been laid on the Clyde. Then the coal and mineral deposits of Fife and the Lothians and Lanarkshire brought money to the thriving middle classes of Scotland. Then the population of the country districts began to dwindle, the Highlands became a desert, and the smoke from the factories grew thicker over the tenement slums of Glasgow and Dundee.

And then this golden age—golden only in the literal sense—ended. The British exporting monopoly weakened and was broken. And the resulting depression hit Scotland more severely than England, for the industries most severely affected by the depression were those in which Scotland had specialized—iron, steel, coal, shipbuilding, engineering—the " heavy industries."

And the result of this depression has, from a psychological point of view, been more serious in Scotland than in England.

A greater proportion of the population has been affected than in England. But the reason for the present sense of malaise in Scotland goes deeper than this. I have said that the Kirk occupied in Scotland a position more important than any religious body in England, because there were not the same cultural and other outlets as in England. When the dream of unbounded industrial wealth began to fade in Scotland, the natural outlet for the spiritual and social energies of the Scot should have been the church of his fathers.

And for the twentieth-century Scot the Church cannot play the part that it did in the lives of his forbears. He needs a wider and more diversified life, in which religion, however important it may be, can be but one aspect, albeit the most important. And the industrializing of Scotland broke up the social organization of which the Church was the binding cement, and a void is left which is, in the towns, only too often filled by Socialism of a more

or less vivid hue. And it is useless to deny that the Church of Scotland is sharing in the general weakness of Protestantism in the modern world—a weakness which leads, at one extreme, to an aggressively secular attitude closely allied to communistic beliefs, and—at the other extreme—to a rapid growth of the Catholic Church.

In short, the old centre of Scottish life has been hopelessly weakened, just at the time when the economic troubles of the country made such a centre of supreme importance. And the seriousness of this fact will be best appreciated when it is remembered that Scotland has not so old or richly diversified a culture as England, and so is unable to give to her people the same outlet as is at the disposal of her neighbours.

It is with some reason that the Scottish Nationalists deplore the loss of the old symbols of Scottish sovereignty at the time of the Union. If King and Parliament were still in Edinburgh, they would be national symbols of great antiquity round which the aspirations and national ideals of the people might rally. But their loss was the price that Scotland paid for the economic advantages that she gained from the Union. Now these economic advantages are vanishing. Did Scotland sell her national birthright for a temporary illusion of wealth?—ask the Nationalists. And their answer is: Yes.

Too little is understood in England about the Nationalist movement in Scotland. Politically it is weak, a weakness which was demonstrated by the recent Kilmarnock election, despite the fact that the Nationalists ran a particularly strong candidate. And this weakness is accentuated by the fact that the Home Rulers are divided into two hostile camps, though there are, at the time of writing, some indications that the two parties may eventually be united. Moreover, the bad example of the Irish Free State, the alleged connection between the Irish element in Scotland and the Nationalists, and the fear of a Socialist majority in an Edinburgh Parliament all militate against the Nationalist cause. Nevertheless,

it would be most unwise for the Conservative Party to minimize the importance of this movement.

There are three schools of thought in Scotland—that is, as regards Scottish affairs.

There are the out-and-out Nationalists, of whom Mr. Compton Mackenzie is perhaps the most prominent, and Mr. Lewis Spence the most intelligent. They desire absolute independence for Scotland, which would then be re-integrated into a reformed British Empire. Politically, this school of thought is negligible.

Then there is the party led by the Duke of Montrose, which desires Home Rule for Scotland on the model of Northern Ireland, but has no wish to break up the unity of Great Britain. At present this party is not, electorally speaking, important.

Thirdly, there are those who, while wishing to preserve the unity of the country, and while distrusting the plans of both Nationalist groups, are convinced that much is wrong with the country, and that a certain measure of decentralization will be inevitable if things do not soon improve. These people mostly supported the present Government in 1931 and they will continue to do so as long as they see the Government pursuing a policy calculated to bring back some measure of prosperity to Scotland. But if they should lose faith in the power for good of the Government, the danger would be that they might join with those who follow the Duke of Montrose, and form a powerful Scottish party. Such a party would become a formidable factor in Scottish elections. I do not believe that the bulk of the Labour vote would be affected by such a movement. But it would gain much strength among the Liberals, greatly reduce the National Liberal vote, and—by drawing into its fold disappointed Conservatives—might break the Conservative party in Scotland for a decade—if not for a generation.

If Scotland—and Great Britain—are to be saved from the dangers of such a political development as I have indicated, this can only be done by the Conservative—

or, since we are dealing with Scottish affairs, the Unionist —party. Some measure of prosperity and of self-confidence must be brought back to Scotland, or the growing political and economic malaise may become intensified and irritated into a movement for semi-autonomy which will seriously weaken Conservatism and endanger the stability of Great Britain. The question is: What should be the policy of Conservatism in Scotland?

But before trying to answer this question it is necessary to indicate some of the chief weaknesses of Scottish national life at the present time. I need not repeat what I have already suggested at perhaps excessive length—the fact that Scotland is suffering from a spiritual sickness caused largely by the weakening of the old national bond of union formed by the National Church. The remedy for this cannot be political—a fact that many Home Rulers forget. Time may work its own cure, and the opening of the Scottish middle-class mind to many sources of European culture to whose value it has in the past tended to be somewhat indifferent, a strengthening of the National Church through the recent union, and the spread of Catholicism among sections of the people whom Presbyterianism can no longer satisfy, may well in time bring about a rebirth of the national spirit in the land.

But the economic difficulties remain, and they are, indeed, formidable.

The population of Scotland in 1931 had, during the previous ten years, declined by nearly forty thousand. Between 1901 and 1911 Scotland lost over 340,000 people, or, roughly, one-tenth of her population. This in itself may not seem very serious. National strength depends more on the quality than the quantity of the population. But the tragedy lies in the fact that Scotland has been creamed of the best of her people. Few would maintain that Scotland is as efficiently run as England, and it is only too clear that the standard of Scottish education, which used to be higher than that of

England, has now fallen below that of the south. Yet Scotsmen in England and the Dominions are as efficient as any other sections of the community. The truth is that the economic conditions of the country make it essential for most men of energy to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

Equally tragic is the depopulation of the countryside. The four towns of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee and Aberdeen contain no less than 38·6 per cent. of the total population of the country. In the 1931 census only six out of the thirty-three counties showed an increase in population, and of these the most important were the highly urbanized counties of Midlothian and Lanark. There are seventeen counties with a smaller population than fifty years ago, and eleven with a population smaller than a century ago. The countryside is becoming ruined, largely by exorbitant taxation and death duties, and one of the finest peasantries of Europe is being weakened and gradually destroyed.

Meanwhile the overcrowded towns constitute a social problem of appalling magnitude. More than 45 per cent. of the population of Scotland are estimated to live more than two in a room. Yet the drift to the towns continues. Between 1921 and 1931 the rural population declined by 90,000, and the population of the towns increased by 50,000. Much has been done to fight the slum scandal. In December, 1932, there were 19,732 houses being built, as against 13,616 in December, 1931. But the lowest possible number of new houses needed annually is 6,100. And even a complete clearance of slum areas in Scotland would not do away with the social and economic evil of a continued drift from country to town.

The unemployment figures have improved in the past year by 56,000. But 30·4 per cent. of the insured population of Glasgow are unemployed, and in Lanarkshire the figure rises to 31·9 per cent. And though there is a slight improvement in many of the heavy industries, it is not reasonable to hope that this improve-

ment will be maintained to the extent of reabsorbing such masses of population.

Examples of the seriousness of the economic situation could be multiplied indefinitely. Looking at the present situation, and refusing to be unduly elated by spasmodic appearances of prosperity in certain industries, but viewing the problem as it has existed for the past decade, it is impossible to believe that lasting prosperity can return to the country by any process of political muddling through. The whole economic life of the country must be viewed as a single whole, and replanned on a national scale. And if the Conservative party will face this problem in a really bold spirit, and stake its whole future on its policy, it will control Scotland during the remainder of the century. If it shirks this duty it will probably, for reasons I have indicated, cease ultimately to have any real influence in Scottish affairs.

To look at Scotland is to see, as under a microscope, the weaknesses of the *laissez-faire* individualism of the industrial revolution. The world evil of economic Liberalism is here seen magnified. The wreckage left by the débacle of this Liberalism cannot be removed by piecemeal legislation. A comprehensive, all-embracing national scheme of replanning is needed.

Socialism cannot do this. Its doctrines are as defunct as the corpse of Liberalism that it continues to flog. As the head of the Italian Government pointed out the other day in Rome, it is significant "that the decadence of capitalism coincides with that of Socialism." The reason is obvious. The follies of Liberalism inevitably produced the Communist-Socialist reaction. It is the Hegelian conflict, but without the resulting synthesis. The final disappearance of economic Liberalism will automatically bring about the disappearance of its antithesis, Communism and Communism's pale shade, Socialism.

There are only two alternatives to economic Liberalism. The one is Communism; the other is an organization of

the State on corporative lines. The individual must, if Communism is to be avoided, be constrained to organize himself with his fellows in the production of national wealth. This he must do partly for the sake of the community as a whole. But still more for his own sake, so that individualism and private property and initiative shall not be submerged beneath the flood of Communism, the inevitable antithesis of economic Liberalism. "The right to possess private property is derived from nature, not from man; and the State has by no means the right to abolish it, but only to control its use and bring it into harmony with the interests of the public good." It is over forty years since these words appeared in the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum" of Leo XIII. Could anyone desire a better description of the belief of the Conservative who sees in corporatism the hope of the future?

To the student of corporation there is something almost laughable in the idea that national planning could ever be mistaken for Socialism. Yet this danger is real. The writer of this article was speaking to a meeting composed largely of Socialists in Aberdeen last December. He advocated a nationally planned reorganization of industry on corporative lines. To his dismay, Socialist after Socialist rose after his speech, and claimed him most affectionately as a fellow-advocate of Socialism. If we are, as Conservatives, to advocate national planning, we must emphasize the difference between this and Socialism, in that the one aims at the preservation and strengthening of private property and initiative, and the other at their destruction.

What should be the policy in Scotland of a Conservative party informed by the principles of national planning?

The first and fundamental object should be the salvaging of Scottish agriculture. The iniquitous taxation which presses on the landowning classes should be lightened to a degree which would permit of the sinking

of capital in land development with a reasonable hope of return, and the death duties on landed property should be correspondingly reduced.

The total area of arable land in Scotland in 1932 was 3,046,163 acres. This was less than the area in 1931 by 5,767 acres, and it is less than at any time since 1866. This decline must be stopped. And to stop it, and to restore the peasantry of Scotland—the very backbone of the country—an extensive scheme of land settlement, entrusted for preference to a national utility corporation as free as possible from political influences, should be embarked upon. This will cost money. But the cost will be repaid a thousandfold, not only in economic value, but still more in the restoration of a contented agricultural population. There is already a keen demand for land. During 1932 731 applications for new holdings were made. But such land settlement will be useless unless backed by a very determined system of protection. The agricultural market, and especially the market for specialized Scottish products, such as oats, must be safeguarded during the period of agricultural restoration.

It goes without saying that no such scheme can succeed without organized marketing, advertising and grading. Under State control at first, the agriculturists of Scotland must be encouraged to organize themselves along corporative lines which, by abolishing economic license, will secure economic freedom to all.

Scotland is a country of contrasts. While it contains magnificent farming land, much land is unsuitable for anything but the roughest grazing. But much could be done by a national scheme of afforestation. In 1918 the Forestry sub-committee of the Reconstruction Committee suggested that some five million acres of land used only for rough grazing could grow excellent timber. In Italy, in once desolate regions where marsh and fever made life impossible, "the land is redeemed and new cities are founded," as the prime mover of this regeneration proudly said recently in Rome. In Scotland it is

only too common to see land, once covered by forest trees felled in the war, now becoming waterlogged and sour and useless, for the State is cautious, and the landowner, who once would have replanted the land, has long since given his spare money in taxes and death duties. It is all heartbreaking, but apathy is all too evident.

As agriculture revives, so the industrial and urban problem will grow less, for the flow of population back to the land will relieve the towns. But we shall still be faced by the fact that many heavy industries will never recover their former prosperity. How, then, can this problem be faced?

It is, I think, becoming clear that the decline of economic Liberalism and the present crisis are not unconnected with the development of the great trusts and cartels. This is especially true in Scotland. Scottish industries have tended increasingly to become amalgamated with combines largely controlled from London. The result is a loss of administrative efficiency, and when economic times are bad, the industry is concentrated upon its centre, to the detriment of its local branches. I have, for instance, in mind a Scottish town where, for many years, a flourishing cleaning and dyeing business gave employment and prosperity. Some years ago it was amalgamated with an English firm. Before the amalgamation goods were sent to the Scottish factory from all over the Kingdom. Now, presumably to save costs of freight, goods are dealt with increasingly in London. The result is a lamentable increase in unemployment in the Scottish town.

Take the railways. Since the amalgamation, the Scottish railways are a disgrace to a civilized country. The traveller from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow has a fair measure of comfort and convenience, if he can afford first class fares. But north of these towns the railway service, both as to comfort and speed, is a national scandal. Those who can afford cars take to the road. Those who are poor suffer. There is no hope, for Scotland's population

is only about one-ninth of the total population of the Kingdom, and what do the railway companies care for the comfort of so few?

There must be decentralization. The State has the right and the duty to see that the interests of no section of the community shall be endangered by monstrous amalgamations and cartels. Great corporations of producers and National utility organizations will be the feature of the future. But they will preserve the small producer of wealth, and will shelter regional and provincial interests.

And there is no reason why decentralization should not take place. In these days of electrical power and easy communication, the divorce and conflict between town and country is an anachronism. Small producers and groups of producers, living on their own land in the country, linked together by a corporative organization of marketing, grading and advertising, and supplied with cheap electric power, could increasingly become the economic unit of the future. Already in parts of Italy and Belgium we can see the beginnings of this revolt against the tyranny of the great town. It should come in Scotland, where economic revival is largely dependent upon new light industries, specially suitable in many cases for decentralization, taking the place of the centralized heavy industries.

Lastly, there must be some legislative decentralization. It is absurd that the Sovereign Parliament should be occupied with affairs that should lie in the province of regional assemblies, and that the development of say a railway company should be delayed while a bill relating to it lies on the table of the House. Some corporative council for Scotland should be set up, at the same time as similar councils are set up in various parts of England, and the present congestion of Parliament could thus sensibly be relieved. Such a Council might effect much good, especially if it profits from the past mistakes of similar institutions, for the methods adopted by the

Scottish National Development Council, for example, do not encourage one to place much hope in its efforts while it is run on its present lines.

I do not minimise the immense difficulty which must lie before a political party that, finally abandoning economic Liberalism, envisages a national planning scheme such as I have advocated. In an instinctively Conservative country such as England the difficulties will be enormous, and it is probable that a further period of Socialistic misrule will be necessary before the Conservative Party finally makes its break with the *laissez-faire* past.

But may it not be that in Scotland lies Conservatism's opportunity? In a land where tradition is weaker than in England, new ideas may be accepted more gladly, and this may be especially true of a land like Scotland where the economic situation is more serious than in England. Economic distress, combined with a certain lack of continuous cultural tradition, is a dangerous breeding ground for Communism, as Dundee and Glasgow well know. But used aright, they may become the spear point of a new Conservative Nationalism. Hitler is the latest exponent of this truth. Will Conservatism seize its chance in Scotland? It can only do so by renouncing economic Liberalism as vigorously as it attacks Socialism. No compromise and cowardly flirtation with moderate Socialists or wavering Liberals will avail us here. True Conservatism, as utterly opposed to the economics of Manchester as it is opposed to those of Moscow, is the only policy that can bring lasting reward. It is indeed a time when the only safety lies in boldness.

But there is one danger to be guarded against. In some form of corporatism, adapted to British mentality, and fitted into the Constitution, may well lie the future hopes of Great Britain. But it would be fatal in Scotland—utterly and irremediably fatal—to associate this ideal with any idea of political "Fascism." Here is seen the importance of Presbyterianism in Scotland. The

descendants of Scottish Calvinists, influenced—if at times unconsciously—by that most Republican of theocratic systems, will never sacrifice a shred of that democratic freedom in politics that the Scots were one of the first among the nations of Europe to obtain. To James, the Lord's Anointed, Knox, the Preacher, said on a famous occasion, that he was but God's silly vassal. It would be less dignified but as effective language that Knox's descendants would address to any would-be dictator, whether black or brown shirted.

Uncompromising nationalism, and an insistence on the paramount necessity of internal trade in an age in which international trade will probably never be restored to its former vigour. The strengthening of the country interests, on both economic and racial grounds. Encouragement given to the decentralization of industry. The organisation of industry and agriculture on corporative lines, so that liberty shall be secured to all by the denial of license to all. These are, I believe, the lines on which Conservatism must work in Scotland in the years to come—not immediately, but when more new blood has revitalized the Party. But any political adventure such as an attempt to introduce either the Italian or German "Unitary" State, any fancy uniforms, any appeal to mob oratory or mob coercion, and the chance of Conservatism and of Scotland will be lost for a generation and perhaps for ever.

The difficulties and needs of Scotland are perhaps the most formidable problem facing Conservatism at the present day. For this very reason they may be the greatest opportunity for the Conservative Party. Will it—can it—seize that opportunity?

Under the Red Flag

By Harold P. Cooke

WHO, who be these, that, high of brow
In their superior estimation,
Sink in the mental scale so low
By juster computation,

Who worship at Karl Marx his shrine,
Lenin his Moscow mausoleum,
Wax fatuous on mine and thine,
On *tuum* and on *meum*,

Write Mussolini down *il Deuce*
And then, since nought could be absurder,
Foam at the mouth with vain excuse
For wholesale theft or murder,

Provided it should emanate
From those red ruffians that ravage
The Russia of a bygone date
And play the worse than savage;

Who live and die the destined prey
Of phrases baked or cooked too limply,
By what they take in day by day
Just taken in as simply;

Such folk as those can fool, that prate
In Bernard's best Bolshavian fashion,
Standing inverted on their pate
Clownlike (the poseur's passion),

Unto the topmost of their bent
Or of their sinful scintillation?
They are the unintelligent-
sia of every nation,

Who, if their dreams again come true,
When on the barricades they dodder,
Will 'neath the red pall serve anew
For foremost cannon fodder.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE New Year has begun with much coming and going on the part of statesmen, but it remains to be seen whether the problems at issue are any nearer a solution. The British Government did the right thing in sending Sir John Simon to Rome, and also in taking the line that for the present all negotiations with regard to Disarmament had better be carried on direct between the governments concerned. These, however, are matters of tactics, and they leave the great question of whether we have a definite foreign policy unanswered. Where, for instance, does this country stand with regard to the reform of the League of Nations?

There may have been, though it is doubtful, something to be said for being vague in the earlier stages of the discussions, when the attitude of the protagonists was in doubt, but that period is over. There is not the slightest chance of France and Germany arriving at a satisfactory agreement if left to themselves, and, if they do not, general re-armament is inevitable. Great Britain and Italy must exert pressure upon Paris and Berlin, but before doing so they will have to decide on a course of action, to which they are going to adhere. A strong British Foreign Secretary, with both courage and knowledge, would have to-day the opportunity of establishing real peace in Europe for a generation.

The French Standpoint

THE pendulum of British public opinion swings to and fro between the German standpoint and the French, but the former has received so much greater publicity that it is well that the latter should be recalled. To the German claim that the victors in the late war were morally bound to disarm, France replies that she has reduced the number of her effectives by 62 per cent. since 1914. In actual fact this figure does not represent

the total of her military sacrifices, for whereas the period of training in the immediate pre-war era was three years, it is now only twelve months. The French army is little more than an embodied militia.

It is impossible for France to accept equality with Germany, for the former has a large overseas empire to defend, while the latter can keep her whole force ready for use in Europe. Furthermore, in France a man is either a soldier or a civilian, and there are none of those semi-military organizations that abound in other countries. This means, too, that the conscript who is called to the colours in France is absolutely raw, whereas elsewhere he has been drilled from childhood, and so probably commences his military training at the same point where the Frenchman finishes. A professional army in France is out of the question for political reasons, and that is why the French wish to see the revival of conscription, with limited effectives, on the other side of the Rhine, as they feel that a short-time army in Germany would be far less formidable than the present *Reichswehr*.

The Contrasted Views

THE French and Germans start from diametrically opposed standpoints. The latter say that the Treaty of Versailles was forced upon them, and that as they signed under duress the contract is void. They then go on to assert that treaties are not eternal, and that when they are found to perpetuate serious injustices they must be revised. To pass from the general to the particular, the Germany of to-day is not the defeated Germany that signed the Treaty of Versailles, she has repudiated the régime of those days, and she does not see why she should continue to be humiliated by its provisions. It is not fair to hold responsible for the war a generation which was in the nursery or at school when it was fought.

The reply of France is that peace must be based upon the *status quo* as established by the Treaty of Versailles.

If once the principle of revision is allowed, then there is no telling where it will stop, and there would be no logical argument against applying it retrospectively, even to the Treaties of Vienna, Utrecht and Westphalia. There can be useful negotiations in respect of the interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, but there can be no question of its revision. That would unsettle far more than it would ever settle, it would throw the whole of Europe into the melting-pot again, and in the long run it must lead to another war.

International Action

FRANCE holds that there can be no effective Disarmament without some form of international control. Her suggestion therefore is that there shall be a probationary period, during which Germany will bring her armaments into conformity with whatever general scheme may have been adopted and, when an international commission has reported that this has been done, equality of treatment will become possible. It is idle to disguise the fact that French opinion is far from being convinced that Germany is disarmed, and it believes that she is ignoring the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Nothing short of the report of an international commission will modify this attitude.

Paris would like to go even further, and see the establishment of an air force (the only one) at the service of the League of Nations for the punishment, when necessary, of an aggressor. The difficulties in the way of this are obvious, and they have been considerably increased by the withdrawal of Germany from Geneva. At present every German regards the League with hostility, and to endow it with armed forces in these circumstances would be to widen the breach between Berlin on the one hand, and the Powers that are still represented at Geneva on the other. It must unfortunately be confessed that this development would be by no means unwelcome to a great many Frenchmen.

The Paris Riots

THE rioting in Paris last month was mostly the work of the *Action Française*, which has agitated unsuccessfully for so long that it is no longer taken very seriously. Its weakness, like that of the whole French Right, is that its leaders are men of letters rather than men of action, while the régime has the enormous power of freemasonry behind it. The Right is also much more divided than its opponents, and it is impossible to conceive of an issue which would unite the Royalists, the Catholics, and the Conservative Republicans. So a few enthusiasts may from time to time demonstrate in the streets, but nothing more is likely to happen—at present.

It is too often forgotten that the days of "the red fool fury of the Seine" are past, and that in France, as in England, youth no longer takes much interest in politics. It is not until the average Frenchman is definitely *rangé* that he begins to think about such matters, and by then he has lost his taste for violent methods. This is not the case in other Continental countries, but it is a mistake to compare France with them. The young people who demonstrate against the republic do it largely for a "rag," and are actuated by much the same motives as those who try to collect police helmets in Piccadilly on Boat Race night.

The French Home Front

THE Stavisky *affaire* shook the Chautemps administration badly, and the indignation which it caused might have been fatal to the régime had there been anyone capable of utilizing it for this purpose. As it was, the Prime Minister played the time-honoured trick of frightening the Chamber with the story of a plot to overthrow the republic, which served his purpose as well as the burning of the Reichstag served that of Hitler and Göring. The fact is that the doctrines of the extreme Left are too repugnant to the mass of Frenchman for the

latter to upset the existing order for the profit of the Socialists, who, in any case, are a declining power all over the Continent.

Fascism does not yet exist in France, and until it makes its appearance the Parliamentary System will probably survive, in spite of the little real support there is for it. The circumstances that have brought about its downfall in so many countries, namely the complete paralysis of administration in all its branches and the existence of an attractive alternative, are not present. That they will arise is almost certain, for all over France there are growing up small groups of people, mostly under forty, who are studying the new methods, and one day their influence will be felt. France has a great tradition of government behind her, and if she does decide to adopt Fascist principles it will be in an essentially French form, possibly combined with the restoration of the monarchy, for a strong executive will be essential, and a dictatorship would never be tolerated.

Manchukuo

ATTENTION was called in these pages last month to the commercial and industrial opportunities which Great Britain is neglecting in Manchukuo, and now comes the news that France has decided to take advantage of them. A Franco-Japanese consortium for the development of Manchuria is in process of formation, and it is to have a Japanese President and a French Vice-President. The board will consist of six representatives of French, and six of Japanese, industry, and the initial capital of 100,000 yen is to be subscribed in equal halves by the two national interests concerned.

The South Manchurian Railway is mentioned as the probable security for the French investor, and in view of the fact that this company has recently announced that it intends to spend 76,000,000 yen upon new railway construction during the coming year, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the first activities of the consortium will

be in connection with this project. Officially the position of France with regard to Manchukuo is exactly the same as our own, so it is difficult to see what there is to prevent us from acting as she has done. Is our economic situation so satisfactory that we can afford to see this new State developed by our business rivals?

The Manchu Restoration

WHATEVER may be the future of Manchukuo it will not be the fault of those responsible for the destinies of the new State if it does not prosper. The decision to adopt the monarchical form of government was a wise one, for what is required is a national consciousness, and that can only come into existence if there is a monarch in whom it can find expression. The prospective Emperor is a somewhat unknown quantity, but a recent English writer, Major Badley, in his book, *A Japanese Omelette* (E. G. Allen, 5*s.* 6*d.*), says there is "a great charm about his personality, and at the same time something unmistakably imperial in his bearing. . . . The brains and the personality to be a great deal more than a mere figurehead."

If this latter forecast proves to be correct, the Far East may have some surprises in store for us during the next twenty years. The Czars established Bulgaria as a Russian outpost in the Balkans, but the new monarch of that country soon shook himself free from the control of St. Petersburg. Will the same situation develop between the Emperor of Manchukuo and the Japanese? The answer would seem to depend upon what support the former receives from his erstwhile subjects in China, but it is a distinct possibility. In any event, it is clear that an entirely new phase has begun in the history of the Far East, comparable with such events as the rise of the Mings.

The Chaco War

THE newspaper-reading public has recently learnt that Paraguay and Bolivia, after a war which has lasted

for eighteen months, have suddenly agreed to the opening of peace negotiations on the urgent representations of the League of Nations. If that was all there was to it, Geneva might have cause to congratulate itself on the success of its intervention, but unfortunately the facts do not bear out any such interpretation. What has happened is that Paraguay has won a decisive victory, and having obtained all she wants is ready to negotiate, while Bolivia, no longer in a position to continue the struggle, is also anxious to come to terms.

On December 10th last there took place the Sedan of the campaign, and it is interesting to note that the Bolivian forces were led by a German, General Kündt, and the Paraguayan by General Estigarrahia, who had received his military training in France. The strategy of the former was that of Germany in the spring of 1918, namely, attacks first upon one and then upon another part of the enemy's front. General Estigarrahia followed the example of Marshal Foch in somewhat similar circumstances, and having lured his opponent's reserves to one point of the line, successfully took the offensive at another. The victorious Paraguayans swept their defeated enemies out of much of the territory in dispute, and the magnitude of their victory can be gauged from the fact that 250 officers, 8,000 men, and 20 guns fell into their hands within a few days.

The Lesson of the Campaign.

THE difficult nature of the ground, and the limited resources of Paraguay (the total population is under a million), have prevented General Estigarrahia from following up his victory by the invasion of Bolivia proper, but it has been decisive for all that. As for the Bolivians, it was estimated that up to July their casualties had been 20,000 killed and 35,000 wounded, while General Kündt's last offensive is said to have cost another 15,000 dead. The magnitude of these losses can be appreciated when it

is remembered that the population of Bolivia does not amount to three millions in all.

These events have passed almost unnoticed in the British Press, but they deserve to be known, lest we should be induced to think that the machinery of peace is more perfect than is actually the case. What has brought the fighting in the Chaco to an end is not the League of Nations nor the Pan-American Conference, but the victory of one of the combatants, and the exhaustion of the other. Why this is not generally known is presumably due to the fact that Geneva has more effective means of publicity at its disposal than has General Estigarrahia.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

December 15th.

THE extremely low price of 3¾d. per gallon for some of the milk which is surplus to liquid sale requirements is exercising the minds of a great number of farmers. At that price butter-making and pig-fattening appear rather attractive propositions. One of my neighbours tells me that skim milk is worth at least twopence per gallon to feed pigs, and knowing him to be a sound Conservative I should imagine that it was worth a trifle more. Is it possible for a farmer to obtain this cheap milk for feeding purposes? That is a question which needs answering in the affirmative. I can see the difficulty of arranging such a thing, especially as it must mean that the Milk Marketing Board would have to sell manufacturing milk to countless small traders, but I cannot think that to effect this is impossible. If dairy farmers are willing, as they have proved themselves to be, to throw all their milk into a pool for the common good, each one of them should have access to this surplus milk at the ruling market price.

December 18th.

Still it keeps cold and dry with the wind in the East. It is bad weather for milk production in many ways, but it is dry underfoot, which is a blessing in others. The outdoor herd are still in one of the low pastures. There are sixty-one cows and they have been in a twenty-five acre field for about three weeks with the result that it is covered practically all over with their droppings. Soon we shall be compelled to shift them even if the weather continues dry, but the effect of their stay on that pasture this winter will show in next Summer's hay crop.

December 22nd.

It's been a trifle warmer to-day, and it looks like being a green Christmas rather than a white one, although

the frost won't be right out of the ground yet for several days. My "drowner" informs me that "When we do git a main bit o' vrost avore Christmas we do git pracious little atter it." I hope that he will be proved right. It is some years now since we had a really early Spring, and such a happening would be a welcome change.

December 27th.

Another Christmas has come and gone and most people, I should imagine, were pleased with the weather over the holiday. To-day has been fine and warm, no wind, and many hours of bright sunshine. I went up to the top of the hill to look at my wheat field. During the past few weeks there has not been much to be seen there owing to the cold East wind, but to-day the wheat plants all had their heads up to the sun and showed promise of a fair crop. From the top of the downs I got a grand view of a lovely bit of Wiltshire, but I do not think that anyone will be able to do this to-morrow. To-day has been too fine and spring-like to last. It's been what my men call a "weather-breeder" and to-morrow will be wet most likely.

December 28th.

It poured with rain all last night, and my nicely-patted pasture was a morass this morning. Result, we made the necessary trek to drier quarters, and this afternoon the outdoor cows were looking very comfortable on the top of the downs. There they will stay until Spring brings the water-meadow grass in due season. To the uninitiated the field they have quitted looks to be ruined, but next Summer will show that it has been greatly improved. It is amazing how quickly grass land over chalk recovers from severe treading.

December 29th.

I am told that the large dairy companies do not want the farmer to have access to the cheap surplus

milk. Why? This milk has been looked upon as a general nuisance for a good many years now, the general impression being that it has been taken by the trade as a favour. However, it is easy to see the reason for their present attitude. All restrictions of imported milk products must be to the trade's advantage rather than the farmers' if they alone can obtain the surplus milk. At present, I understand that unless a buyer can deal with a minimum of 500 gallons of milk daily he cannot obtain this cheap surplus milk. When one considers that we are now attempting to capture the trade for first quality bacon, this ruling seems to be wrong. The basis of feeding for first quality pork and bacon must be milk in some form or other—skim milk, butter-milk, and the like. Would it not be sound business for our farming industry if this cheap milk were accessible to the pig-feeder in reasonably small daily quantities? Also, if this milk is now an asset to the trade instead of a liability, why not throw it open for sale to the highest bidder? It takes roughly three gallons of milk to make a pound of butter. Any butter-making and pig-feeding farmer would be glad to pay more than 3¾d. per gallon for whole milk, and his sale products then should be of infinitely superior quality to their imported counterparts. Also, it should be remembered that when he grows wheat in this country the boot is on the other foot.

December 31st.

This is the day when one should look both backwards and forwards. During the past year our farming industry has seen many changes, and although as a result few farmers can say that they are better off at this date than a year ago, the majority will, I think, say that the future looks brighter; 1933 has been a notable year in that for the first time in our farming history we have had a Minister of Agriculture who has tried to help the livestock side of the industry. We may not agree with all he has done, I don't for one, but the reason why we

can all face 1934 with more hope is because we feel that we can trust the man at the helm. The various marketing schemes begun in 1933 have cut across all our old-established ideas of individualism, but, given an honest trial, 1934 should see them bearing fruit. The general tendency of world affairs is more and more away from individualistic trading, and towards State planning. It will be interesting to see whether the oldest industry, farming, will succeed in being the first to put its house in order in accordance with these new ideas of modern civilization.

January 1st.

The New Year came in in dense fog, and I had arranged a day's ferreting. The keepers arrived and we started off, hoping that the fog would soon clear, but the first two hours were curious. Had we not been all used to the game and able to trust each other, I would not have started, for it was a risky business. We simply could not see a rabbit until we saw his white tail, and by that time it was usually too late. However, after several false alarms the sun came through about eleven o'clock and we had a fairly good day. Once again I made a mental note that in any future incarnation I do not want to be a line ferret.

January 2nd.

Since yesterday I am no longer a milkman after some twenty years' hard. I feel as if a ton weight has been taken from my shoulders, and also that a large hole has been cut in my pocket. I shall miss the work and worry of retailing with no regrets, but how I shall miss the retail takings—regret scarcely describes it. Instead of taking the wages money each week from the milk cash I shall have to cash a cheque, and the same tooth will have to be drawn for my own pocket money. Still, one cannot sell a business and continue to draw the income from it, and I am glad that my old roundsman has taken over without losing any appreciable quantity of custom. He

worked hard for me, but how he is going to work for himself! He started work for my father on this farm when he was just over ten years old, and he has been here ever since. He is now master of his own business, a position which he has attained unaided by any trade union, any legacy, any State help, or any charity. Good luck to him!

January 4th.

Generally speaking, I think that this year has got away to a good start from a farming point of view, in this district at any rate. Wheat seems to be a good regular plant, and the last few mild days have made it show up well. Sheep, I understand, have done well this winter, and the early lambing has started with pretty good luck. Cattle, I know, have both done and milked well. I have never seen my own herd looking better. Water-meadows are backward in grass owing to lack of water, but the irrigation work has been well done. In short, the land, as ever, has not failed us, and will not fail us. Let us hope that we can make a better distribution of its manifold benefits this year.

January 12th.

As a contrast to the foregoing optimistic note to-day's entry is in the nature of a grouse. Once again the duty on oats is to be increased, and for the life of me I cannot see the wisdom of this. It cannot be of any help to farming but rather the reverse. The retort to this will be that while in my district farmers are consumers of oats far more than they are producers, in other districts, notably in Scotland, farmers are mainly concerned with producing oats as a sale crop, and that I have no right to argue from the particular to the general. Let me therefore try to take a broader view of the matter and consider the effect of dearer oats on our farming industry as a whole. Agricultural production is one thing; agricultural sales are another. For instance, our

most important crop, grass and hay, is sold chiefly in terms of meat and milk. To increase farming prosperity it is obvious that an increase in hay prices would not help much, but that an increase in meat and milk prices would do so. It is the size of our farmers' money income which matters. To get back to oats. In 1930–31 oat sales accounted for but 1·62 per cent. of the farming income of Great Britain, but livestock sales totalled 72·19 per cent. Taking Scotland by itself, oats produced 4·76 per cent. and livestock 81 per cent. All livestock eat oats or their equivalent, and *any increase in oat prices will have a hardening effect upon all animal feeding-stuffs.* Therefore, to help 1·62 per cent. of Great Britain's farming, or 4·76 per cent. of Scotland's farming 72 per cent. and 81 per cent. respectively are to be harmed. Such policy is penny wise and pound foolish. From to-morrow every hen, every horse, every cow, every animal on British farms will cost more to keep. In framing any agricultural legislation our administrators should not lose sight of two important points:—

1. In this country, all grain, oats especially, is used primarily by our farmers as a raw material in the production of livestock.
2. The relatively insignificant part which grain sales play in the production of our farmers' money income.

January 14th.

We seem to be in for a spell of rain, and for the first time for months there is mud to be found in plenty on a farm. In spite of the dire prophecies concerning a lack of water next summer I expect old Dame Nature will manage to bring things up to average in the next few months. Anyway I prefer these things to be in her charge rather than that they should be controlled by any man or any man's organization.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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Literary Notes

Milton

MISS ROSE MACAULAY'S "Milton" (Duckworth, 2s.) is the best imaginative study that has ever been made of that fascinating subject. I use the word "imaginative" in its highest sense, with no intention of suggesting that the author has a modern carelessness toward facts. Obviously, in this brief booklet Miss Macaulay cannot compete in fact-gathering with the elephantine Masson or the laborious teutonic Stern. But she can show a mastery of the copious literature on Milton, and of the unwieldy body of Milton's own work in two mediums and two languages, and of the fantastically contradictory world of the seventeenth century. And on this foundation she can raise her artist's picture of the man. Since the foundation is complete, and determining, she cannot build erratically or at whim; but since she has an artist's mind her work is not hampered or made heavy by the material

restrictions. Here is the Crocean model of history, the union of science and art, concept and intuition. No such union, of course, can have the finality of pure science or pure art, since there are few " facts " in history that are not subject to redefinition. Nevertheless, such careful and imaginative biography as Miss Macaulay has written has an authority which modern readers have almost ceased to expect. Here are no flimsy soul-revelations, no happy guesses, but a narrative in which each sentence rests on knowledge, and a series of judgments which stand as the honest deductions from that narrative.

It happens that I once spent three years studying the vast (and for the most part vain) Miltonic literature; therefore, when I began Miss Macaulay's book I was hoping for the simple pleasure of catching the author out. Instead, I had the more elevating pleasure of finding an author who seemed to know everything that could be expected of her. A useful test of Milton scholarship is the " De Doctrina Christiana," Milton's account of his personal creed. This book could not be published during Milton's lifetime, and it was lost after his death, not coming to light until 1823. During this long period when the book was unknown, the polite picture of Milton as a mildly unorthodox Christian became fixed. But the " De Doctrina " made clear what " Paradise Regained " had broadly hinted, that Milton carried his Protestant individualism so far that he built a private faith of his own on the basis of the Bible, a strange amalgam of many ancient heresies flavoured with a few new ones that Milton alone could devise, a faith which only courtesy or indifference would call strictly Christian. This was rather a shock to some of Milton's admirers; but the shock was minimized by the fact that these admirers were as careful as possible not to read the " De Doctrina." To this day much criticism of Milton, and many learned discussions of Milton's thought, show scant knowledge of the " De Doctrina "—a dismal treatise written in a form which is even more discouraging than its matter.

Miss Macaulay, of course, has no room to do more than allude to the "De Doctrina"; but the important point is that all her comments on Milton show she has taken the much-ignored work into account. This gives a fair picture of her care and trustworthiness.

We all know the prettified Milton of the textbooks; we can all imagine the depraved repulsive monster that a care-free modern biographer might produce. I half expected that Miss Macaulay would be led too far in that direction. A woman writing on Milton (whose comments on females are never endearing), and a woman with Miss Macaulay's mordant wit, might be forgiven for indulging the temptation to over-emphasize her subject's shocking weaknesses. But Miss Macaulay never does this. She

HE GATES OF HELL

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illiant statement of Christian apologetics . . . always vivid and often rtaining."
C. E. M. JOAD (*Spectator*)

is Journey Romeward is intriguing, amusing . . . excites sympathetic interest."
(*Morning Post*)

minently readable . . . topical and symptomatic." (*Everyman*)

SHEED & WARD

gives a fair picture of the good and the bad. No one has described better than Miss Macaulay the malice, the coarseness, the oppressive lack of humour which Milton showed in his pamphlets. Discussing "Colasterion," Miss Macaulay lists the rude epithets Milton threw at his opponent, and then comments as follows: "'This much,' concludes Milton, 'to this Nuisance.' His inquiry, 'What language can be low and degenerate enough' to use to such a being, he adequately answers here; and ends by telling his readers that being attacked gives him a chance to exhibit his 'talent for sport, which I had thought to hide in a napkin.' Even those most enamoured of Milton's talents must wish that he had risked divine disapproval by keeping this one perpetually in its napkin, and that this master of high ideals and of prose that often rises and falls on the ear like a surging sea had not been given opportunity for such elephantine gambolling and 'barbarous noise.'" The comment is complete, and deadly. Yet Miss Macaulay is never insensitive to the good and the pathetic elements that were so largely present even in Milton the pamphleteer. Concluding her discussion of one of the "Smectymnuus" pamphlets, she writes: "This was the last really triumphant blast he was to blow. For nothing was to fall out as he had with such surprising, such touchingly inexperienced hope, trusted. Presbytery was to turn out by no means what he had thought it, but to prove nearly as human, as faulty, as irritatingly tyrannous, as prelaty. Liberty was not to descend from heaven to build the city of God in England; and he himself was to be caught and trapped, like a unicorn, by his love of a virgin, and to suffer wounds in that tragical business that were to leave him maimed and embittered for life."

The combination of sympathy and knowledge has enabled Miss Macaulay to show Milton in his confused and unhappy humanity without diminishing his greatness. It is a balance which is not found in any other life of Milton. There is allowance made in this picture

for the inconsistent Miltons of the first two sonnets: the Milton who could say to the Nightingale:—

> Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
> Both them I serve and of their train am I,

and the Milton who was struck with guilt and anxiety because he had reached the age of twenty-three with no famous work yet done. There is allowance for the Milton of the sonnet to Cyriak Skinner:—

> To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
> In mirth that after no repenting draws;

there is allowance for the inflamed, angry pamphleteer, for the poet in his many changes from the light gracefulness of *Arcades* to the bitter introspection of *Samson*, for the scholar, the politician, the theologian, the educator, the historian, the grammarian—for all the proud riot of contradictory characters that combined to make this child of the Renaissance.

A full-length study of Milton, done with the insight of this small book, would be a study of the glory and the insufficiency of Renaissance individualism. Men have never again been so proud as in those days. In Milton's words the pride is so rich and so exalting as to seem a true basis for conduct; it is only when we study Milton's life that we see this superb vice for what it is, the first of the seven deadly sins. Perceiving this, we are reminded of Milton's own phrase about "the perpetual stumble of conjecture and disturbance in this our dark voyage, without the card and compass of Discipline."

Miscellaneous

AN American journalist said that Hitler's rise to power marked the change from a post-war to a pre-war era. Another American journalist, Mr. Leland Stowe, of the New York "Herald Tribune," has written a book which gives point to this phrase. The book is "Nazi Germany means War" (Faber and Faber, 2s. 6d.), and there can be no question that the text goes far to justify the title. Mr. Stowe writes chiefly about his experiences in Germany

in the autumn of 1933; he writes as a careful, experienced journalist. His conclusions seem reasonable and are certainly unpleasant.

More soothing and philosophic thoughts on modern Germany are suggested by Mr. H. J. C. Grierson's "Carlyle and Hitler" (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d.). This is a lecture Mr. Grierson delivered three years ago in the University of Manchester, with some additions and modifications to bring his treatment up to date. The real subject is Carlyle's doctrine of the hero, and Carlyle's views on democracy, with their application to the modern world. It is a good subject, well developed.

In considering the future of democracy the mind turns naturally from Hitler to Roosevelt. The latest of the many books seeking to explain America is Herr M. J. Bonn's "The American Experiment," translated by Mabel Brailsford (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.). This is not a journalistic account of the past few months in the United States, but a serious effort to study American civilization in its origins and developments as well as in its present state. The book is by a professional student of economics and contains many useful facts, though it does not succeed in building a picture of the country as a whole.

Panoramas

THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH: 1901–1914. By E. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)
OURSELVES: 1900–1930. By IRENE CLEPHANE. (John Lane. 8s. 6d.)

IN "The Victorian Aftermath," which deals with England between 1901 and 1914, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford points the moral of his survey of the Victorian age in the previous volumes of this series. His conclusion, enforced by a clear and delightful style, is that our present troubles are due to the fact that the Victorians failed to adapt themselves to the new environment produced by the Industrial Revolution and the

growing mechanization of life. They lived " under the protection of a vast decency that forbade any probing into foundations or examination of fissures. . . . The measureless catastrophe, whose beginning was the pistol shot at Serajevo and whose end may yet be the collapse of our civilization, is but the culmination, and in a sense the meaning, of the Victorian Tragedy."

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's account of the epoch between the death of Victoria and the outbreak of the Great War reads, as he himself says, " rather like the chronicle of a vast asylum, even though the proceedings may appear sane and reasonable compared with what is going on to-day." It is difficult to point to any obvious distortions in his brilliant picture of the Edwardians in their social, political and religious activities. The picture is sketched from the life, and will communicate the author's apocalyptic gloom to those who believe that a panorama can represent reality.

The glow of life is absent even from panoramas sketched with a loving hand. One would not care to live in the perfectly organized communities which Utopians place in the future and which modern mediævalists place between the reign of King John and the Black Death. But a panorama from the hand of a man oppressed by existence cannot be anything except a nightmare. Every occupation is absurd or repellent, if looked at by

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someone who does not share the emotion behind it. People who do not play golf refer to a golfer as a man who spends his time hitting a ball over the countryside. People who do not hunt wonder how anyone can pelt after a small and valueless mammal at the risk of a broken neck. People who are unable to make money are disgusted by the misspent energy of millionaires. It is said that all the world loves a lover, but it is much nearer the truth to say that a lover loves all the world.

The Edwardian age, as simplified in Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's panorama, is a furnace of class, sex and racial antagonism. But the majority of Edwardians, like the majority of human beings in any age, spent nine-tenths of their lives in earning a living, rearing their young, and filling in spare time with some kind of amusement. To allow them even a tenth of their existence for the indulgence of class, sex and racial antagonism is probably an over-estimate. It is true that the age ended in an explosion of unsatisfied energy, but the hysteria which is the cause of war is soon cooled by the laborious business of waging it. The task of keeping the machinery going preserves the sanity of mankind in war as well as in peace. The Great War was absorbed and digested by the invincible forces of routine; and the individual, soldier or civilian, accommodated himself to it as the form of life in which he happened to be fixed for the time being, for reasons beyond his control.

The gulf between appearance and reality becomes even wider when a verbal panorama of an age is reinforced, as in Miss Irene Clephane's "Ourselves: 1900–1930," by photographs and illustrations from contemporary sources. Miss Clephane's review of the first thirty years of the century is excellently done, though her feminist sympathies are over-indulged; and her illustrations are well chosen. But her book gives everything except life as it was actually experienced by the subjects of her text and illustrations. Take, for example, the photograph entitled "Ladies' Day at the Royal

Toxophilite Society, June 29, 1901." Anyone looking at this photograph on June 30, 1901, would have seen a number of well-dressed ladies, a small percentage of whom were apparently watching an archery competition. Anyone who looks at this photograph to-day will see a mob of grotesquely attired females, distressingly indifferent to the exhibition they are making of themselves. But in two or three hundred years the photograph will take on a third character. It will fascinate some Japanese historical novelist, engaged on an imaginative reconstruction of English life before, during, and after the Great War. Instead of realizing that the women inside these charmingly quaint dresses felt life much as the women of his acquaintance feel it, he will give them feelings to correspond with the romantic impression their clothes make on him.

If this novelist takes Miss Clephane as his sole authority for his masterpiece, he will pass his hero through the following experiences—profound emotion at the age of ten on witnessing Queen Victoria's funeral *cortège* at Paddington; participation at the age of fourteen in the tumultuous applause as the Prince of Wales walked on board at the reopening of the Thames Steamboat Service; surprise, when twenty-one, at the skill exhibited by a woman javelin thrower; mixed feelings at the age of twenty-three on seeing Mrs. Pankhurst in the embrace of a chief inspector of police; regrettable co-operation in an attack on a German grocery shortly after the outbreak of war; growing astonishment at the masculine capacities of women as evidenced by their war work as policemen, postmen, commissionaires, in munition factories, gasworks, and on the land; revulsion from war in 1918, and presence at Dover, on December 26th of that year, as President Wilson stepped ashore to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner"; respectful attention to Lady Astor's speech on being elected the first woman M.P.; first ascent of an escalator at Piccadilly Underground Station; a vigil at Kingsdown to welcome the

first woman to swim the Channel; a vigil at Burry Port, South Wales, to welcome the first woman to fly the Atlantic; and a consecration of the remainder of his life to the replacement of male by female mayors in our more important provincial towns.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

British Art

OPPORTUNELY at this season, when the Exhibition of British Art is drawing an unprecedented number of visitors to Burlington House, appears this entertainingly written and excellently documented volume.* Its exhaustive index entitles it to high rank as a dictionary of English painters, while its various appendices include one of "Portraits of English Kings and Queens by Painters of the English School," a "Pupil Pedigree" which establishes the traditional unity of English painting, and one entitled "Who were Contemporaries," which last enables one to see at a glance, for instance, that Hilliard the Miniaturist, of the National Portrait Gallery and the Victoria and Albert, was for several years contemporary with both Holbein and Michelangelo.

The habit of attributing to Continental masters works of doubtful origin, although there may be presumptive evidence of English workmanship, is by no means extinct. An example to the point is the famous "Wilton Diptych" of the National Gallery, which is labelled "(?) French," instead of "(?) English," although a host of distinguished critics, Lord Conway and Mr. Christopher Hussey amongst them, have claimed it as the work of a native master. As Mr. Underwood very reasonably pleads: "The atmosphere is English, the faces of the saints and angels are English, and it would surely have been most natural for the King and his advisers to have chosen an English

* "A Short History of English Painting." By Eric Underwood. (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)

painter to depict such an occasion"—that of the visit of Richard II to Westminster Abbey, on the anniversary of the translation of St. Edward the Confessor in 1390. Mr. Underwood adds: "It can, too, be asserted that English painters at the time were doing work equal in quality and similar in style, and there seems little reason to deny the probability of English origin to this fascinating picture with its beauty of fresh colour and grace of design."

A less defensible example of this habit of giving away our pictures over our heads is to be found in the Hampton Court full-length of the Poet Surrey, by many supposed to be the work of Streeter, but which bears the label, "Holbein." It has more in common with the work of Holbein than with that of Augustus John, but beyond that it will not do to press comparisons.

Of Cornelius Johnson (1593–1664), Mr. Underwood observes: "Like most portraits of the period, those of Johnson with their refinement and their sad and gentle air show what is usually considered to be the influence of Van Dyck, but since Van Dyck himself did not acquire these characteristics until he came to England, it is not unreasonable to suggest that it was perhaps Johnson who, to this extent, influenced Van Dyck, and not Van Dyck Johnson"; and Mr. Underwood goes on to point out that an air of "sad gentility" and "wistfulness" is likewise to be observed in the National Portrait Gallery "Lady Margaret Beaufort" of 1483!

In asserting the originality of the English School of painting against its detractors, Mr. Underwood is always balanced and temperate; nobody is less a "little Englander" than he. His "Short History" covers briefly, but agreeably, an extensive tract of time. We note, for example, that in the year A.D. 674, Wilfred, Archbishop of York, had his church decorated "with a great variety of figures and colours." The year 1905, on the other hand, saw the birth of Mr. John Mansbridge, whose posters of English scenery in the Home Counties

bring thoughts of green vistas to those who travel by Tube.

Mr. Underwood's "English Sculpture"* possesses the same qualities which make of his work on English painting so recommendable a volume. His obvious commonsense by no means excludes enthusiasm, and this quality gives vitality to his manner of handling his subject. Practical features of this book are its many illustrations, index, bibliography and appendices. Of these last, one gives a convenient reference list of the statues in the "Abbey," another those of St. Paul's. One more expansive informs those interested in the matter of the names, sites and sculptors' names of *all* the statues in London, while a table of twenty-five representative sculptors establishes the continuity of the English tradition. With knowledge born of patient research, Mr. Underwood gives curious technical details of the methods of the mediæval sculptors—the men who gave us the effigies of our early kings, the exquisite Madonnas of Chaucer's day, the ornamentation of the choir of Lincoln cathedral, or so composite a masterpiece as the glorious west front of Wells. His acquaintance with such contemporary personalities as Gill, Dobson and Epstein, enables Mr. Underwood to expatiate with authority upon their individual artistic ideals. This will assist a layman to grasp the motives which actuate them in the production of their work, which is often a stage towards sympathetic appreciation. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that devoted to Sir Alfred Gilbert—of "Eros" in Piccadilly—and Alfred Stevens, who, amongst other things, was sculptor, painter, architect, metal-worker and mosaicist. An age more understanding of the arts than was that of Victoria must surely have given Stevens the opportunities which his genius deserved of proving himself a second Leonardo.

In "The British Masters,"† Mr. Shipp approaches

* "A Short History of English Sculpture." By Eric Underwood. (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.)

† "The British Masters." By Horace Shipp. (Sampson Low. 6s. 6d.)

English painting from the standpoint of the average enlightened spectator rather than from that of the technician. "This technical talk," says he, "belongs to the studio: it is North-top-light stuff. It has been allowed to monopolize writing about art even in the popular press." To every artist the technique of his art is fascinating, and some knowledge of technical methods must always be a *sine qua non* where full appreciation is aimed at. A reader of sonnets who had no notion as to how a sonnet was built up would obviously miss a major part of their appeal. And Mr. Shipp does, in fact, give his readers a reasonable quantity of "top-light" stuff, but in doing so he disclaims priesthood, and delivers himself in terms understanded of the many. The result is a volume which is eminently readable, but which displays erudition and trained judgment.

KENNETH HARE.

Charles I.

KING CHARLES I. By EVAN JOHN. (Barker. 7s. 6d.)
CHARLES THE FIRST. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cassell. 8s. 6d.)

THESE two books both halt halfway between the biography and the essay. Mr. Guedalla has spent some years attacking that type of "life and times," which he defines as monumental masonry, but the attack has gone too far. It is just and necessary when applied to the biographies of Cabinet ministers, but by a curious mischance, the lives of these worthies are still written in several volumes, and only prophets, priests and kings are reduced to slim octavo volumes, without documents, references, maps, statistics or dates. Mr. Belloc could not be, and Mr. Evan John is not, dull. But both books lack background, and the story of a king cannot be divorced from the story of his country.

The disadvantages of the essay biography are indeed strikingly illustrated by these two books. Mr. Belloc takes a bleak view of Eliot's personal character, and of the grounds of his quarrel with Buckingham. Mr. John gives little if any countenance to any suspicion of Eliot's good faith, but gives no ground for his manifest reluctance to accept Gardiner's view of Eliot as a saint and a martyr. In neither case is there a thorough

marshalling of the evidence. Again, Mr. Belloc finds Buckingham an erratic genius, and Mr. John sees in him merely an unsuccessful politician. These different judgments are insufficiently discussed and debated.

The main thesis of both books is the now generally accepted one that Charles I found himself faced with a deliberate and unconstitutional challenge to the authority of the Government by the rich mercantile class. The unique feature of the business is that the challenge should have been faced. Mr. John feels the strangeness of this in some degree. Mr. Belloc tends to accept it as natural: yet he has fundamentally much more sympathy with the cause of the oligarchs, since he rates the achievements of the oligarchy, established by the Restoration, surprisingly highly, though characteristically he rates very low the character of the oligarchs.

Charles himself emerges from Mr. Belloc's pages small but clear—a man of pedantic scruples with that type of exacting conscience which will lead a man for righteousness' sake into disingenuous courses. Mr. John is blunter in speaking of the "dishonour" of Stafford's death; Mr. Belloc is juster in appreciating that only a man of sensitive and exact mind, accustomed to decide every point by reference to fundamental principles, could have brought himself to sign the death warrant. No man without principles could have done it. Mr. Belloc is also more subtle in his appreciation of the peculiar strength that Charles acquired as the years went on. As the result of his systematic surrenders on points not fundamental, his grasp of the fundamentals themselves grew clearer and firmer, till at the last nothing could have saved him except a military victory.

Such a victory was probably within his grasp after Edgehill. Montrose would have marched on London and entered it in triumph, given that opportunity. Charles took the best advice and acted on sound military principles. He was not the last commander to lose a campaign through doing precisely that.

To the last Charles had a futile belief in the possibilities of negotiation. He never seems to have appreciated that the absence of good faith on the one side was fundamental, not accidental or personal. They were rebels disguised as defenders of the Constitution. Charles I perpetually treated with them as men who had made a mistake about the bearings of the Constitution. It is one of the regrettable features of both these books

that the long exchange of State Papers between Charles and the leaders of the rebels, which takes up so many of Clarendon's pages, is not represented in either of these books by so much as an extract. These documents were in the main drafted by Charles himself, and leave, of the case he demolishes, not one stone standing on another. They are admirable in tone and temper, eloquent in phrase and exalted in conception. They were addressed to men who cared not a jot for the arguments involved, who aimed to seize power, and who devoted the years in which they exercised it to the greatest achievement in rapid and merciless theft that had ever taken place. The history of the transfer of land and property under the Protectorate and earlier from the supporters of the Crown to the politicians who opposed the Crown has not been written fully as yet. It was a process at least as shameful (though much less harmful in its social results) as the spoliation of the monasteries.

Both Mr. Belloc and Mr. John agree in regarding Scotland as the match which lighted the magazine. Mr. Belloc is perhaps wiser in attributing more influence to Charles's earlier action in resuming alienated Crown lands than to his action in 1637 over the prayer book. Neither author makes quite plain the story of the last two years—those negotiations with the Parliament, the Army and the Scots, which led Charles to the grave. The last question of all is also unanswered. Why was Charles killed? Was Cromwell, too, like Pym, consciously sailing under false colours? And was this fact, undetected by history, detected by Charles? Why else did he not come to terms with Cromwell? He had the chance. We have still to wait for the answer to these questions.

One thing is clearly established. The destruction of the prerogative courts—part of the campaign of the lawyers for political power—destroyed the impartiality of British justice for two centuries. It was the most significant of the assaults by the owners of property against the older and juster conception of government for which Charles stood. Its success leaves it a doubtful question whether the old system could have been maintained. The strength of property was so much greater than the strength of the Crown that it could deny justice without forfeiting security. Authoritarian government has returned in our days, but it has come from below, not from above. Charles never spoke to his people. He lived alone, and that is good for no man.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Real and Bogus

A Warning to Wantons. By Mary Mitchell. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
Design for a Staircase. By Guy Pocock. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)
Bloody Mary's. By Geoffrey Dennis. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Aleko. By Kenneth Matthews. (Peter Davies. 6s.)
Devoted Ladies. By M. J. Farrell. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
Albert Goes Through. By J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann. 5s.)

Every novel has its own reality, and the creative power of the novelist, as well as the poetic power of his work, can usually be tested by the impact of this reality upon the reader. Sometimes the reader's limitations obstruct that impact, or ward it off entirely, but—allowing for that limitation, which we tacitly do by permitting books to be reviewed—it is safe to say that if the novelist has great creative powers he can induce in every reader that "willing suspension of disbelief" which will make genuine reality of the most improbable phantasy. But this power is as rare as poetry, if not identical with it, and most novelists probably do well to cling to the world they and their readers know, and let mutual experience provide the groundwork of reality.

"A Warning to Wantons" has been greatly praised, and deservedly except on this one test of reality. It is an improbable story of an improbable girl, told with wit and a meticulous sense of style. But the style and the story are equally artificial, and the book is too long to be sustained by such quiet and rarified wit as Miss Mitchell's, so the enjoyment I felt when I began the book flagged alarmingly just when the fun should have been beginning. I feel that "A Warning to Wantons" should have been much shorter and much more reckless. Then it might have deserved a permanent place on all bookshelves, next to "Zulieka Dobson." As it is, it clings conscientiously to an illusion of reality which the author had no intention of really creating.

"Design for a Staircase," on the other hand, is realistic to a degree, describing what happens to various people who live in flats opening off a communal staircase. The people are real, in the sense that one believes that those particular people do actually live in flats off that particular staircase, but the story of what happens to them is as dreary and uninteresting as a long newspaper report.

That this dreariness is due to a failure on the part of the author, and not to any dreariness inherent in his subject, was brought home to me by the fact that I turned from "Design for a Staircase" to "Bloody Mary's" and sighed in the expectation—

happily unrealized—of a story even more dreary. "Bloody Mary's" is a long, rambling history, told in the first person by an uningratiating little boy named Abel, about his five years at a day-school in the north of England. But Mr. Dennis is marked among contemporary writers for his ability to create worlds of his own in which the reader—uncomfortable though he may be—is forced to live until the last page breaks the enchantment. As a person who would yield place to no one in a distaste for reading about small boys and their headmasters, I can recommend "Bloody Mary's" to everyone with great enthusiasm.

On the jacket of "Aleko," the publishers have printed a letter from the author, defending the book against the charge that it is about homosexuals. There can surely be no reason for denying this charge, except as a safe way of making it and thus causing discussion, for the friendship between Aleko—a charming, unreliable Greek boy—and the young Englishman who tells the story of that friendship, is certainly an adventure in the borderline realms of homosexuality, even though there is nothing in the telling which is offensive and much that is genuinely moving. The book is slight but well-realized and effective. It will disappoint all those people who mixed their morals and their æsthetics to the point of maintaining that "The Well of Loneliness" was a good book. On the other hand, there is a certain amount of sentimentality inherent in the subject which will alarm and alienate the average reader. Both the disappointment and the alarm might have been avoided had the red herring not been drawn between the first page and all its potential readers.

There is no sentimentality in "Devoted Ladies"—a devastating comment on those ambiguous and emotional relationships which arise between many women. It is a crazy story. It moves from the familiar milieu of Bohemian London to a hunting set in Ireland, and wherever Miss Farrell lets her unhappy characters rest for a moment, she finds something scathing and funny to say about them, as well as something pertinent to say about their surroundings. Miss Farrell is a new author to me, and a most welcome one. She has the genuine gift for satire, and uncovers the pretensions of frail humanity with a ruthlessness seldom allied to the gay, genuine sympathy which is another characteristic of her work. This sympathy saves her comments from bitterness, and lifts her story into the realm of high comedy,

where tragic events fall short of a tragic effect only because the protagonists are themselves incapable of admitting any tragic values.

"Devoted Ladies" is peopled almost entirely by ridiculous people. The heroine is practically feeble-minded, and the best character in it—a woman who is called Piggy—is like everyone's worst nightmare about himself. And yet one wishes there were more about them, and recognizes their story as a genuine comment on several aspects of life which are usually bungled by ineptness of imagination or lack of humour. It is also great fun.

I wish I might say the same thing of "Albert Goes Through," in which Mr. Priestley takes a few playful slaps at the inanities of the typical Hollywood film. Mr. Priestley really should break himself of this habit, which is growing on him, of flogging dead horses.

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

An Empire Builder

THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF JOSEPH COLLET. Edited by H. H. DODWELL. (Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d.)

JOSEPH COLLET is chiefly remembered as a notable Governor of Fort St. George, Madras; his editor is the Professor, in the University of London, of the History and Culture of the British Dominions in Asia.

Born in 1673 of a long line of merchants, originally of Rouen, Collet succeeded, at twenty-five, to his father's business in wine and wool, sugar and spices and tobacco. Through no fault of his own, he went bankrupt, but, his credit standing high, he became, in 1711, deputy-governor of York Fort in Sumatra, where, in four years, he established order, left prosperity, and succeeded in paying off all his private debts. Thence he proceeded to Madras, where after a year he was elected president and governor of the largest and wealthiest settlement of the truly remarkable East India Company. There, partly to allay the grief caused by the death of his only son, he busied himself more than ever with politics and commerce, and while discharging with exemplary tact and thoroughness, energy and integrity his official duties, he traded privately on a large scale. He returned to England in 1720 and, after living quietly, died in

1725. A fine example of unimaginative, shrewd though not intellectual ability, clear-sightedness and honesty. All this we learn from Professor Dodwell's admirable Introduction.

The letters cover the period 1711–1719, and form a most readable and informing collection by one who, though lacking the literary sense, could yet write lucidly and adequately. And with a dry, astringent, wholly pleasant humour, as when he speaks of having to officiate at the marriage of a member of his staff: "The Charms of her Person are too terrible to bear a Description, but she has some in her Pocket." The most interesting, politically and historically, are the letters from Madras, but the general reader will prefer those from Bencoleen, in Sumatra. I myself liked best the letters from Rio de Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope. From the former he writes: "I have but one pair of shoes and one of them has a hole almost thro'. I have lain whole nights in an open boat. . . . I have been without a bed . . . a fortnight together and not seen a bitt of bread in a week . . . [Yet] I have a better Stomach than usuall and have perfectly forgot what the Hyppo means." From the latter: "Mr. Fink leapt overboard (as we suppose) the day we left Brasill. . . . Captain Orill has bene stab'd here by one Mr. Rowland Tryon, a young Gent . . . who being in drink darted his sword . . . under the left Pap . . . the surgeons tho't the wound mortall: but he is now in a hopefull way of recovery."

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

Entertaining Essays

REAPED AND BOUND. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker. 6s. net.)

SHOULD a future biographer feel the need to reconstruct the figure of Mr. Compton Mackenzie, this collection of papers will in itself provide him with adequate material. They reflect nearly every aspect of an exceptionally attractive and romantic personality: his love of music and belief in the adequacy of the gramophone; his Bohemianism; his love of the sea and small islands; his faith in the possibility of Scottish Nationalism; and much more besides.

It is obviously impossible in a short review to give any precise indication of the variety of this many-faceted mind. Possibly the average reader will be most interested in Mr. Mackenzie's account of the small island off the West Coast of Scotland which he bought for £500, and the bird and other animal life to be found there. I wish Mr. Mackenzie would write a book about the magic of the three islands, Capri, Jethou, and the Shiant, which have successively bewitched him. Perhaps he has written such a book. If I knew the title, I would buy it at once.

At the other end of the pole, in the essay which served to introduce Miss Fay Compton's book of reminiscences to the public, the curious reader of middle age will find some illuminating recollections of the days when Mr. Mackenzie was thrown into contact with that strange genius, Pélissier, the creator of the "Follies." How far away those days seem, with London sitting at Pélissier's feet and humming or whistling "Moon, Moon," and a delicious song called the "Tiddly-Pom"!

As a musician, I am naturally much concerned with what Mr. Mackenzie has to say about his musical education, as well as his views on the gramophone. Unwittingly, Mr. Mackenzie seems to me to grant the whole case against the gramophone by letting us know, almost casually, that he is in the habit of putting on records of quartets while engaged in other occupations. Now, this is precisely what those of us, who are more conscious of the dangers than of the benefits of mechanical music, have always instanced as its most insidious peril. Doubtless, in the case of anybody so obviously musical as Mr. Mackenzie, such a proceeding is only exceptional; but one has a feeling that it is the rule rather than the exception among most of the devotees of the gramophone and, still more, of the wireless. A thoroughly entertaining book, ideal for bed-time reading.

FRANCIS TOYE.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, ESSAYS

DARWIN. R. W. G. HINGSTON. (Duckworth. 2s.)

THE EXPLORERS OF NORTH AMERICA, 1492–1806. J. BARTLET BREBNER. (A. & C. Black. 18s.)

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES. A Collection of narratives of contemporary American life. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THE THRESHOLD OF THE VICTORIAN AGE. GAMALIEL MILNER. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

A CAPTAIN DEPARTED. A. W. SMITH. (Davies. 7s. 6d.)

BERNARD SHAW. A Chronicle and an Introduction. R. F. RATTRAY. (Duckworth. 5s.)

ENGLAND. W. R. INGE. (Benn. 18s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

POST BAG DIVERSIONS. Elicited by E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

THE LAST OF THE TABOOS. Mental Disorders in Modern Life. ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE GROUP MOVEMENT. HERBERT HENSLEY HENSON. (Oxford Press. 2s. 6d.)

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY. JUNE and DORIS LANGLEY MOORE. (Gerald Howe. 7s. 6d.)

ECONOMIC NATIONALISM. MAURICE COLBOURNE. (Figurehead Press. 3s. 6d. **Not 10s. as stated in last month's Literary Notes.**)

NOVELS

THE DEATH-SHIP. B. TRAVEN. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

SCANDAL OF SPRING. MARTIN BOYD. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

A KINGDOM DIVIDED. E. D. BROWNE. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

MAGNUS MERRIMAN. ERIC LINKLATER. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

WITHIN THIS PRESENT. MARGARET AYER BARNES. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

WORK OF ART. SINCLAIR LEWIS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THRILLERS

THE NINE TAILORS. DOROTHY SAYERS. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS. AGATHA CHRISTIE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE. S. S. VAN DINE. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

WE are on the right side of the year. The days are lengthening. Spring is in the offing. There is to be a serious effort made to catch the Loch Ness "monster," but details of the plan I cannot yet give. They will be given in due course. And the honour of catching the first amphibian ever caught by mortal man will be no empty one. I know many sportsmen are getting their rods and flies ready for the trout, but it will need some rod and line to catch the beastie of the Loch Ness district. "Pull devil, pull Jack" will not be in it. The plot for its capture has been hatched in the Irish Free State. More I cannot divulge at present. When caught the animal will be taken to Ireland to attract tourists there. The Irish are jealous of the publicity accorded to the Inverness hotel keepers.

* * *

WHILE waiting or fishing there is nothing better in the front line than can be found in Ireland. Most of it is free and commences the first of this month. Glorious fishing holidays can be spent at many places in the West of Ireland with first-class sport, whether in loch, river or mountain stream at a tithe of the cost in other places. The mild climate of the West of Ireland makes fly fishing enjoyable even in February and March. Some of the best bags I have taken were in these months.

* * *

IT is not expected that the next Irish Hospital Sweep which closes this month will be as big as its predecessor was last year. Sweeps are more than under a cloud. Politics and economy have taken their toll out of the possible participators here and in Ireland. But it will be big enough for the ordinary person to desire a successful draw, though I believe were the President, Mr. De Valera, presented with a winning ticket he would not cash it. He disapproves of sweeps on principle, as do a number of his followers. Then the French lottery has been a big competitor and already from the clubs a good deal of money is finding its way out to India for the next Calcutta Sweep, for which tickets and not members will be available. It would not be surprising to learn that the old Calcutta Sweep reasserts itself with a big upward bound.

* * *

THERE is little or no chance for the British Government to legalise sweeps, but the totalisator will be working soon on greyhound tracks again and will attract many modest punters of both sexes who like to try their hand at the daily double. Probably the whole greyhound business will come under one administration, which will be the responsible authority, just as the Jockey Club controls horse racing. If this be so, it seems likely that the G.R.A. (Greyhound Racing Association) will be that controlling body. Unlicensed tracks will have to fall in line or end.

* * *

IT is not very cheering for soldiers to realize that there are many subalterns with 13 to 17 and even 20 years service, officers who were Lieutenants in the war and are Lieutenants still. And there are Captains with as much as 23 years service and not a possible chance of gaining a higher step.

The whole system of Army promotion is antiquated and unjust and should have been tackled years ago. All the honours and good posts seem, since the war, to have gone to the few while the juniors are being crowded out or becoming surplus to establishment. They have no chance of making their career a success, with the added certainty of being thrown on the civilian market in the prime of life with little or no chance of getting employment. This promotion grievance is being much discussed in the clubs. Soon it will be ventilated vigorously in the House.

* * *

THAT something is far from right is evident by the War Office giving Lieutenants of these long years of service in the rank an extra two shillings a day as a sop or dole. It is not good enough. Only recently one of the Army Council was inspecting troops in the North of England and noticed an Artillery Subaltern not far short of 40 years of age. He asked him about himself and expressed himself as completely astonished that such things should be. Yet surely this General officer should have known for five years past of the many injustices of the Army promotion system.

* * *

THERE is only one solution. The present system must be abolished or a system based on fairness and justice all round must be established. It is only necessary to look at Continental promotion systems to see how it can be tackled properly.

* * *

TRADE is improving for I hear the Booth Line, which has a large South American connection, is placing an order for two new 8,000-tonners for their trade in the Amazon River, and particularly the higher reaches.

These ships are necessarily built with a shallow draught, only twenty-five feet. The orders are going to Liverpool and Birkenhead and will mean considerable employment there.

* * *

UP the Amazon there is a big trade these days for Brazil nuts, the food value of which is becoming more and more recognized, being rich in Vitamins A and B. I believe the nuts from the Upper Amazon are superior to those from the Lower Amazon and that a normal crop yields not far short of 40,000 tons a year. The collection of this crop is a big task as every pod has to be opened separately and the native pickers have to endure considerable hardships from attacks by mosquitoes and other insects and the dangers of snake bites. Tropical rains, equatorial heat and much fever in the swamps have also to be endured. Brazils have been called "The King of Nuts."

* * *

THE new Admiral of the Australian Navy, Rear Admiral W. T. R. Ford, wh is on his way there, to take over, is one of the Navy's bruisers.

He was middleweight boxing champion of the two senior Services twenty yea ago and a first class Rugby man, and good at every sport at which he turned h hand, including golf.

A friend of the Prince and of the Duke of York, to both of whom he was a tut at Dartmouth.

He will be the man after the hearts of those " down under," a man of deed not words.

* * *

THERE should be—and I hope there will be—no difficulty in obtaining th necessary money for the Codex Sinaiticus Fund. When it is realized what th possession of so great a literary and religious treasure is, it seems impossible t believe that the money required is not found at once.

The gates of the various football matches or of the cinemas in the Londo area alone for one Saturday would end the matter. Apparently many peopl have lost their sense of proportion or else subscriptions would have come in muc more quickly.

But, and if the Museum would allow the precious manuscript to be placed o view in the chief cities a large addition would accrue to the Fund.

* * *

TO hear men talk about the Fund and praise the purchase is one thing, bu nobody seems to think it necessary to send on their subscriptions. The truth i that many people leave it to the big subscribers and think their mite is unnecessary This viewpoint is quite wrong. It is the small subscriptions which will count an the Codex is after all a treasure for the million rather than for the individual.

* * *

HINDU astrologers foretold the earthquakes which have taken place in India Not only did they fortell it but they did their best by ritual and prayer t mitigate its forces. Hindu astrology is a highly complicated science and th remarkable fact is the accuracy of their prognostications. The Sun, the Moo Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Mercury and Venus and their movements mean a grea deal in fixing their data. It must not be forgotten that Indian astrologers foreto the death of King Edward VII, the illness and recovery of our present King, an the victory of the Allies in the war.

* * *

A BIG horse will win the Grand National. That I believe is a prophecy base on certain occult factors by an individual born in India and who has studie the science of Hindu astrology. If that be so, then that horse is Remus. I is the biggest animal I believe in the race, and ran, let it be remembered, very we for nearly four miles last year, leading the field for the greater part of the race.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

Indirect Rule in Africa

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the January number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW you have published an article by the Earl of Iddesleigh on Indirect Rule in Africa. It is not my business to express any opinion on the views set forth in that article. The statement of facts in regard to Achimota College is, however, so inaccurate and misleading, and at the same time so prominent, that, as one of the Inspectors deputed by the Government of the Gold Coast to inspect that Institution in 1932, I feel that it ought not to pass unchallenged.

On page 24 of the article it is stated that "adherents to this school of thought" (i.e. the Agnostic school) "are anxious that we should cease to impose our own culture and would substitute a type of education based on African ideas, suited to the African mind. In this spirit, and with the intention of saving the natives from the mistake of going to British universities, was founded the Prince of Wales College at Achimota." The following quotations from the Inspection Report prepared for the Gold Coast Government, and published by the Crown Agents for the Colonies in 1932, will show how fundamentally the writer of the article has misunderstood the recognized aims of the institution. Dr. Vaughan, late Head Master of Rugby, was one of the four inspectors. The extracts are on pages 13, 14 and 31 of the Report:—

> "Achimota aims at providing the quality of education that it believes that wise parents in England would like to ensure for the training of their children. In each department no expenditure of money or energy has been spared to provide for Gold Coast students, whose parents can afford, or whose ability can win for them, this opportunity, instruction and training of a quality that would be expected in the best English kindergarten, preparatory and elementary, secondary and public schools, though varying from such education in form and content as local conditions may require.
>
> "Achimota provides a course of education from the kindergarten to the intermediate university stage, and aims at completing the degree course.* It hopes that all its students will complete a first school certificate course.†
>
> "Achimota hopes to produce a type of student who is 'western' in his intellectual attitude towards life, with a respect for science and capacity for systematic thought, but who remains African in sympathy and desirous of preserving and developing what is deserving of respect in tribal life, custom, rule and law.
>
> "One student from the university class is recommended annually by the Academic Committee for nomination by the Council to a scholarship for study in a British university. The scholar receives a second-class passage and £430 a year for all expenses in and out of term time."

It would be interesting to know which are the institutions in other parts of Africa similar to Achimota which, in the writer's opinion, aim at "substituting a type of education based on African ideas for our own culture" (pages 24 and 25 of the article).

---

* The degree course is that of London University.
† The Cambridge School Certificate Course.

[*Continued on page 260.*

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Though you do not include a correspondence column in your REVIEW, I feel sure that you will take an early opportunity of drawing attention in your "Current Comments" or elsewhere to the facts regarding Achimota stated above, in order that the incorrect conception of educational aims in the Gold Coast Colony conveyed by the article in question may be removed.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR MAYHEW.

2 Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, S.W.1.
January 24, 1934.

Lord Iddesleigh writes:—

I have a profound respect for the staff of Achimota College, and should be sorry to do them an injustice. Have I done so?

They are expected to produce "a type of student who is 'western' in his intellectual attitude towards life . . . but who remains . . . desirous of preserving and developing what is deserving of respect in tribal life, custom, rule and law."

In other words, the teachers are supposed to have a double aim and are threatened with that "division of mind" against which I warned them.

Who decides what is, and what is not, "deserving of respect in tribal life, custom, rule and law"? Is it certain that a man "who is 'western' in his intellectual attitude" will want to preserve any part of the tribal system? Can you "preserve" one part of that complex of law, custom and religion—religion is intimately bound up with the whole—while discarding the other parts? Can you, for example, inculcate a secular reverence for the stool of a potentate, when you have robbed the stool of its religious significance? Achimota is Christian. These questions may be answerable; but they still seem worth asking.

In practice, I expect, the staff of Achimota now concentrate on giving the natives a really good British education; they are well qualified to do so. When I knew this place—seven years ago—much more emphasis was placed on the "African" side of the educational ideal, and it *was* considered undesirable that natives should go to British universities. Then, however, most of the pupils were in the kindergarten. Experience, no doubt, has been teaching, and "Westernism" seems to have conquered.

Is Evolution True?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. H. S. Shelton's letter in your February issue is quite typical of the controversial methods adopted by Evolutionists. As the evidence which has overwhelmed Mr. Shelton has not overwhelmed Sir Ambrose Fleming, the only possible explanation must be that Sir Ambrose is "strongly prejudiced." It is so simple. Mr. Shelton approaches the subject with an open mind; Sir Ambrose does not.

I have never yet met an Evolutionist who was willing to admit that there were two sides to the question. If you do not find the evidence for evolution convincing, you must be either prejudiced or mentally deficient.

To class Mr. Lunn with those who believe that the earth is flat is not argument. It is merely impertinent.

Your obedient servant,
W. J. SCALES.